THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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WRECKED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY E. HAWKINS.

No picture was fairer than that she viewed—
  There were blossoms hung on the boughs of May,—
And violets over the green grass strewed,
  And birds singing gayly their roundelay.
The homestead walls on the slope of the hill,
  Took a yellow tinge in the sun's light glow,
And the miniature river that worked the mill
  Went dreamily on in its drowsy flow.

There were willows shading its fern-decked bank,
  And cows knee-deep in the shining pool,
And children poising a crazy plank
  On the gate that led to the village school.
Then her dim eyes turned from the broken bridge,
  All reft of railings, and worn and gray,
Up the winding path to the clover ridge,
  And the barn where she played half her youth away.

At first through the mist of blinding tears
  She could scarcely discern the dear old place;
The mem'ries it brought had been buried for years,
  And she felt as if looking at some dead face.
For rickety, shingleless, dingy and brown,
  It stood there the same as in days of yore,
Only now 'twas silent, with rafters down,
  And hay-seeds flecking its dented floor.

She remembered well how each nook she knew;
  She thought of the cobwebs like flags on its walls,
The straw that frisked when the sweet wind blew,
  And the billows of hay she made into dolls.
They were maddening, those phantoms of long ago,
  And they fiercely tortured her breaking heart;
Then she was purer than virgin snow,
  Now! and she gasped with a shivering start.

"'Tis the last time I'll linger and look and think,
  Of the vanished past, the happiness fled,—
I have dug my grave, and I stand on its brink,
  Knowing none will sorrow when I am dead.
And yet I once was an innocent child,
  Weaving the sweetest of fancies there,—
No visions *then* of a future defiled,
  Of a life stifled out by remorse and care.

"Was it only a dream? I am here alone,
  And every one scorns me and turns away,
Lest *my* tainted garments should touch their own,
  Lest their whiteness *I* change to sodden gray.
No father to bless me, no mother to smile,
  No hearthstone to welcome my bleeding feet;
Homeless and wretched, a little while,
  And then comes slumber, eternal but sweet."

The light fingered wind smoothed her tangled hair,
  The trees bent above her their branches green,
A muttered name, and a feeble prayer,
  And her eyes closed forever upon the scene.

THE APPARITION.

CHAPTER I.

The strange story which I am about to relate embraces a short period at the close of October, 1862.

I, Henry Marston, solicitor, then aged 28 years, had just returned from a continental tour. Before leaving London I had arranged finally to quit the chambers which I had previously occupied there; on coming back to town, therefore, I was, *pro tempore*, a homeless man.

Under these circumstances I gladly availed myself of a kind offer made to me by an old friend, a brother of my partner. He invited me to take up my abode at his house, which was situated in a village twelve miles from London. Here, he assured me, I was heartily welcome to remain until I could find new quarters in town. Although he and his family were now absent from home, he wrote begging me to make myself comfortable at the Grange, adding that he had instructed his servants to show me every attention.

Inclination, no less than necessity, led me to accept the invitation. Heathfield was my native village; and, although my relatives had long left the neighborhood, several friends of my boyhood still resided there. There was for me, moreover, another and a still stronger attraction to the place.

I had scarcely stepped upon the platform of the Heathfield Railway Station, when Stanhope, an old chum of mine, discovered me, and, after a few minutes' conversation, begged me to come to a ball at his father's house that evening. It was his sister's 21st birthday, and there would be a large gathering of our common acquaintances. I must excuse the brevity of the notice, for he was determined not to let me off.

For reasons of my own I had no wish that he should, and accepted the invitation. After dinner and a nap at the Grange, I dressed and joined the Stanhope's party.

It was a brilliant entertainment, and, since the expectation which had chiefly led me to participate in it was not disappointed, I found it enjoyable. I soon discovered among the guests the lady whom I most desired to see, and ere long Edith Arnold was by my side, evincing, as I hoped, by her manner, a pleasure in my society similar to that which I was myself experiencing in her own. I secured her as my partner for several dances; and I fancied that she never looked so happy as when I claimed her, nor so sad as when I resigned her to another.

Encouraged by these tokens of her favor, I began to entertain the idea of making to her an important declaration. Such a treasure as Edith could not, I felt confident, long remain unclaimed. If I would possess her, I must lose no time.

Again she leant upon my arm.

"There is," I remembered, "a tide in the affairs of men." Reflecting thus, I drew my partner into a conservatory which opened from a saloon adjoining the dancing-room.

We paced this conservatory for some time in company with many other couples. The retreat was likely to be popular, for it had been arranged for the occasion with much taste, and its general aspect was beautiful and elegant in the extreme. Colored lamps shone like glittering gems above; while fountains flung up diamonds from beneath, amidst feathery fronds and scented blossoms.

But gradually the promenaders thinned; and at length, although after what space of time I cannot say, I found myself alone with Edith. I led her to a couch which had been placed at that end of the conservatory furthest from the drawing-room, and seated myself beside her.

Having proceeded so far, I confess I found it difficult to advance further, and an embarrassing silence convinced me that I was a bad hand at making an offer. When at last I opened my lips, it was only to experience, with painful vividness, the truth that

> Words, like Nature, half reveal
> And half conceal the Soul within.

My faltering, roundabout observations seemed just rudely to sketch the outlines of my passion, and at the same time grossly to obscure its finer lineaments.

Meanwhile Edith listened pensively. As I drew near to the climax of my address, I naturally turned to watch her face. And I might well be pardoned for seeking inspiration and encouragement from such a source. Adequately to paint those eyes and cheeks, an artist would have needed to dip his pencil into pigments of summer sky and of molten apple-blossom; and the fair forehead gleamed out amidst rippling hair like a pearl from an *entourage* of golden fretwork. The countenance altogether was indeed one of rare beauty.

The conservatory for the most part was lined with blinds, which shut out the autumn night and pleasantly enhanced the light within. Near us was a door (leading to the garden) which had not been thus veiled, but which was left exposed, that it might be readily opened for ventilation. Thus, as I turned, the uncurtained entrance became visible to me.

In an instant there appeared amidst the blackness a horrible apparition—that of a wild unearthly face, surrounded with pale drapery, and glaring upon me with an expression malevolent and fiendish in the extreme.

Hardly believing my eyes, I started to my feet exclaiming unconsciously:—

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

"What in the world do you see?" cried Edith, rising in alarm.

"I scarcely know indeed," I answered hurriedly, for by this time nothing unusual was in sight.

I was just about to explain as well as I could what I had witnessed, when Edith's mother suddenly swept into the conservatory, and in accents of impatience told her daughter that they must leave immediately. My sweet girl was, therefore, hurried away not only before I could complete the story of my love, but before I could explain the strange cause of its interruption. With a wondering look and a hasty bow, Edith followed her mother, and I was left alone.

The ball was at an end for me, now that she had departed. Grieved and excited at the unsatisfactory termination of our interview, I hastened from the house.

Before leaving the premises, however, I walked round the garden towards the conservatory, in order, if possible, to discover some solution to the visual enigma which had just been propounded to me. But all was dark and still. The lowering sky gloomed the whole garden into uniform blackness, and the chill damp wind seemed to whisper across the lawn that no living creature save myself was wandering there.

I now returned to the Grange, but could not obliterate from my brain the dreadful impression that had been stamped upon it.

A fact there was, too, connected with the vision which perplexed me beyond measure. I seemed, in some inexplicable way, to be familiar with the countenance. Although conscious that I had never before seen it under its late appalling aspect, I felt sure that it was not wholly strange to me.

I called upon my memory to account for this, but to no purpose; and retired to my room with an aching heart and a puzzled brain.

CHAPTER II.

The Grange was an Elizabethan building, quaint and solemn, and the chamber allotted to me forcibly exemplified these general characteristics. Had I been superstitious, I should, I think, have entered the room with misgivings, for assuredly its wainscoted walls and deep recesses were precisely those surroundings for which ghosts are supposed to have a preference. I was too much occupied, however, with actual grievances to be influenced by imaginary terrors; and the extraordinary appearance which I had lately witnessed, instead of fostering in my mind vague dreads of new alarm, had simply laid a tax upon my understanding, which that understanding, in a matter-of-fact way, was laboring to discharge.

I took the precaution of lighting a night-light before getting into bed, anticipating amidst my mental disquietude, a wakeful night. But it happened that I soon fell asleep, and forgot for a time both my love for Edith and the cruel interruption which I had met with in declaring it.

I awoke with a start under the impression that I had been spoken to. The words, which I can hear to this day, seemed to abide with me after their actual sound had ceased. To the reader they will appear, perhaps, as ridiculously grandiloquent as to me in the silent watches of that night they at first seemed unspeakably awful. They were these:—

"Vile usurper! How long shall the avenging angel's hand be stayed? Vacate this domain—to which thou hast no shadow of a claim—vacate it ere two days shall have expired, or thy wicked life is forfeited."

Now, supposing that these words had been all,—supposing that I had been called upon merely to account for the sound or fancied sound,—I could easily have persuaded myself that I had simply been dreaming. But, in the subdued light which trembled through the room, I saw—yes, reader, I affirm it solemnly—I saw immediately before me the same demoniacal face which had suddenly appeared to me in the conservatory.

Although while half awake I was seriously alarmed by the apparition, I had no sooner grasped my usual waking powers of mind than I recovered myself and sprang out of bed, resolving then and there to clear up the ugly riddle. But as I did so, the cause of my perplexity vanished. Standing upon the floor, wide awake, I arrived at the certain conviction that I was the sole occupant of the room. I now entered upon a weary process of mental cross-examination, in the hope of eliciting from my confused impressions, facts on which to found some plausible theory as to what had occurred.

Nor was I long in erecting such a theory. It struck me as probable that the servants, wishing (from motives quite conceivable) to get rid of me, had been playing me a trick. The tenor of the absurd words which had been addressed to me seemed to warrant the idea. I was puzzled, to be sure, to account, on this hypothesis, for the *first* visitation. But I reflected again that the plotters might have contrived the former appearance for the purpose of averting my suspicions from any one connected with the Grange. And as to the fact that the face which I had seen seemed curiously familiar to me, I disposed of the difficulty by imagining that the agent employed by these impudent and stupid menials to personate their pretended ghost was some villager with whose features I had been familiar in my boyhood.

I need scarcely say that, so soon as I believed myself to be the victim of practical joking, I became angry. But I decided that the best way to take vengeance was to appear unconcerned, and simply to request, in the morning, that the trick might not be repeated. Accordingly I bottled up my wrath, got into bed, and contrived to sleep soundly till daylight filled the room.

The footboy who waited upon me at breakfast—a pale-haired lad of seventeen—was naturally an object of my scrutiny, since I, of course, imagined that he must be in the plot from which I had suffered during the night. He was precisely like a cat; and, judging from his sly slits of eyes and stealthy movements, I could readily conceive him capable of any amount of underhand feline mischief. But this estimate of his character presently came to be modified.

Before leaving for London—where I was obliged to go early on account of a business appointment—I rang the breakfast-room bell, and requested that all the servants might come in. Two females shortly made their appearance in company with the page, and against the whole party I proceeded to bring my charge. After enlarging on the foolish and dangerous nature of the supposed joke with far greater warmth than I had designed, I completed my harangue with these words:—"I regret if my presence in the Grange is unacceptable, but having received an invitation from the master of the house to stay here, it is my intention to do so. The foolish means which some or all of you have employed to displace me would succeed with no one but a child or an idiot. I have to request, however, that these pranks may not be repeated. If they are, I shall report the whole matter to your master, who I doubt not, on hearing it, will out of regard for me, dismiss every one of you from his service."

The indignant silence with which these words were received at once convinced me that I had been hasty and unjust. The servants looked at one another in pure astonishment, and at me with an expression which seemed to question my sanity. In a few minutes they clamorously and angrily denied the charge altogether; whereupon, feeling the weakness of my position, I became somewhat cowed, and uttered words—probably neither dignified nor judicious—betraying the puzzled condition of my mind.

"I do believe the fellow's mad," exclaimed the cook, angrily, as she followed her colleagues out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

Mad! The word at first made me angry; it then set me thinking.

What if, after all, I were under some insane hallucination? Apparitions as vivid as mine had often been the result of cerebral disease. My hasty accusation of the servants seemed to give color to the idea that my brain was disordered. How unreasonable the charge had been! How totally unlike the words of a domestic had been those bombastic expressions addressed to me in the night! How slight and paltry altogether were the *data* upon which I had founded my suspicions!

At the very time when these thoughts were revolving in my mind, I happened to take up a large volume which lay upon a table near me. It proved to be that painfully interesting book by Dr. Winslow—"On Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Mind." I opened the work at page 269, and my eye immediately fell upon the words: "*The perceptive powers are often the first to yield.*" Upon reading the succeeding paragraphs, a horrible doubt of my own sanity rushed headlong into my mind.

Had I been able to remain in solitude that day, I verily believe I should have lost my reason. But I was obliged to go to town immediately; and a few hours of enforced attention to the details of a complicated legal question drew away my attention from myself, and assisted me to recover my mental equilibrium.

On returning to the Grange in the evening, I was received by the servants with a curt suspicious manner which annoyed me, and which disinclined me to attempt their conciliation. After dinner I wrote an ardent letter to Edith, and what I hoped was a judicious one to her father, and, designing that both should be delivered next day, I retired at an early hour to my haunted bed-chamber.

CHAPTER III.

Before leaving town, I had provided myself with a bottle of laudanum, judging that, since it was *possible* my last night's visions had partially been the result of nervous excitement, a timely narcotic might prevent a recurrence of such annoyances. But I had not properly informed myself as to what quantity of the drug it would be suitable for me to take; I swallowed, therefore, what I now suspect was an inordinately large dose. I lighted a taper as on the previous night, and laid myself down, expecting to sleep soundly. But instead of sleep, the most extraordinary sensations seized me. My soul seemed wrapped in an atmosphere of delicious and ravishing happiness. Everything painful and annoying was eliminated from my thoughts; and, although the perplexities of the last twenty-four hours were not forgotten, I could trace in none of them the slightest cause for distress or disquietude. Sweet memories of Edith floated through my soul; and even the apparitions of the previous night assumed the shape of intensely interesting phenomena, which I judged it a privilege to have witnessed, and a pleasure, moreover, to study. My intellect, too, was wondrously lucid. I traced the most extraordinary affinities, and drew the subtlest logical distinctions with a clearness which astonished and delighted me beyond measure.

This lasted long. I knew that the night was advancing, but I had no wish for sleep. A condition more enjoyable or desirable than that in which I now found myself, I could not have conceived.

While still experiencing these peculiar and intensely pleasurable sensations, I, for the third time, beheld the terrible object of my recent speculations. But not a particle of fear now had place in my mind. I sat up in bed, gazed at the apparition, and calmly reasoned respecting it. At length I addressed it aloud. It replied to me in language similar to that which it had employed on the previous night, reminding me that half the period of my probation had already expired. I complained of the harsh decree, argued my innocence, and challenged my persecutor to substantiate the charges against my character upon which my cruel sentence had been founded. But the inscrutable being, without heeding my remonstrances, repeated the prophetic threat, and then seemed to vanish through the wainscot.

My happy feelings continued long after this visitation, and I regarded my predicted dissolution with perfect calmness and content. Not until daylight began to glimmer between the mullions of the window did drowsiness creep over me; but when sleep actually commenced, it held me with such tremendous power that I lay in a deathlike stupor till noon. Repeatedly, as I afterwards learnt, the page had been to call me, but all his efforts had been insufficient permanently to arouse me from my slumber.

At twelve o'clock I awoke in such dire mental confusion and bodily discomfort as I had never before experienced. When the servant entered the room on my summons, he evidently regarded me with suspicion and alarm. "And what wonder?" I asked myself. "My conduct

this morning is enough in itself to suggest to him the idea of my lunacy, and I am sure my appearance must confirm the notion."

And now there fell upon my mind once more the painful suspicion that my reason was, indeed, deserting me. In spite of the opiate, I had actually seen the accursed vision again. That was a terribly fact that could not be got over. I was as far off as ever from any solution of the mystery, save that dreadful one which now again suggested itself to my mind.

I dressed, went down, and, in a sort of mechanical way, folded, addressed, and despatched my letters to Edith and her father. I found myself too unwell to go to town, and sank into a state of utter mournfulness and despondency.

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed, when the following note was placed in my hands:—

"Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated yesterday, and also, on my daughter's behalf, of the communication which you have addressed to her.

"In reply, I have to inform you that my daughter and myself are entirely agreed that your proposal is one which cannot be entertained. I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"LAURENCE ARNOLD."

This cold, curt reply to my letters struck upon my heart like lead. What in the world could be the explanation of its chilly tone and laconic style? To this question my suspicions supplied a ready answer.

The servants had done it. I had offended them, betraying at the same time the fact of my mysterious visions. They had taken their vengeance by reporting me in the village as a man subject to insane delusions. Perhaps they were right! At any rate, I knew how readily such reports would fly about; how likely they were already to have reached the ears of Mr. Arnold and his family. It was agonizing to reflect, too, how, supposing this to be the case, Edith would connect such reports with my extraordinary conduct towards her; and how, setting the fact and the rumors side by side, she would be ready to acquiesce in her father's decision. The Arnolds were comparatively recent comers to the neighborhood; they had consequently but little previous knowledge of me to set against these newly-raised reports; and thus, as I saw with painful clearness, my chilly repulse was fully to be accounted for.

I had never before been in such a wretched dilemma as now. A suspicion of insanity, perhaps is more difficult to disarm than any other. Whatever your behavior, it is certain to be construed into a new proof of lunacy. It was clear to me that every act of mine was now so interpreted at the Grange.

It may be asked why I did not escape further annoyance by going quietly to a London hotel till I could find a settled home. Two considerations deterred me:—the possibility that, if I remained, I might get a further interview with Edith; the determination not to be beaten by a paltry spectre.

As my body gradually recovered from the effects of the over-dose, this determination grew stronger and stronger. My spirits revived, my intellect became quickened. At evening I endeavored dispassionately to review all that had occurred, and to resolve upon some sensible and decisive line of action. I was deterred from searching the house from end to end only by the remembrance that the servants would certainly take such an act as fresh evidence of my madness: and many another scheme for the solution of the enigma flitted through my brain.

The sudden recollection of the case of Thomas, second Lord Lyttleton, whose end had been foretold to him, I remembered, in a vision somewhat similar to my own, once more depressed and unnerved me; and I was struggling hard against this reaction, when my attention was arrested by a knock at the front door.

CHAPTER IV.

A few minutes afterwards a card was brought to me. The gentleman whose name it bore had inquired for the master of the house; but learning his absence, had asked to see any one who might be considered to represent him.

I started at the sight of the name, which was familiar to me. Alfred Enderby was a young physican who, with his father, conducted a private lunatic asylum in the West of England. He had formerly been an intimate friend of mine; but some time had elapsed since our last meeting.

I was annoyed and almost alarmed when I first realized who had arrived, thinking that some officious Heathfield friend, having heard of my spectral visitations and strange manner, had summoned a "mad doctor" to my aid. But upon reflection this seemed so unlikely, and further, as Enderby came into the room, his surprise and delight at seeing me were so unmistakeable, that I quickly laid aside my suspicions, and gave him a most hearty welcome.

A few words made clear to him the cause of my tenancy of the Grange. I asked him to explain *his* advent, but he told me that his story was longer than mine, and that with my permission he would wait awhile before relating it.

He now inquired the cause of my sorry appearance. The question led me fully to narrate the circumstances which, during the last day or two, had been giving me so much uneasiness; and the relief which it afforded me to do so was great and immediate.

He listened with an interest which manifestly increased as I proceeded. The earnest attention, indeed, with which he heard the story, and the deep thought which it seemed to awaken in his mind, surprised me. I concluded my narration by saying:

"So now, my dear fellow, do if you can, enlighten me as to these strange visitations. At any rate, I hope you will not do as people here have done—as I myself have once or twice been inclined to do—pronounce me a madman."

"You are as sane as I am," was the reply.

"Well," I said, "it is a comfort to be told that by so experienced a judge as yourself."

"I think," said the young physician, "it is in my power to give you further comfort still; to clear up altogether the perplexity under which you have been laboring."

I opened my eyes incredulously.

"Yes," continued Enderby—"such is the fact indeed. Let me tell you first that your own story relieves me from a doubtful anxiety which it has been the object of my journey to dispel. In return for this good service, I undertake, in making known to you that object, to deliver you from your own difficulty."

I drew my chair to the doctor's side, for he spoke in an under tone.

"You remember, probably," he began, "a family named Merivale, who formerly resided, as I am told, in this very house?"

"Certainly," I answered; "in my boyhood the daughters were often my companions."

"About ten years since," my friend continued, "at a date later, I believe, than that at which you and your friends left the village, this family met with reverses of fortune. The ruin, in fact, was complete. They left the place, and a sale was held at this house. I will briefly go through all the circumstances, although with many of them you may already be familiar.

"The Merivales felt the blow keenly. The father and mother both died within a year of the date of their misfortunes, and these accumulated sorrows affected the intellect of the eldest daughter, Catherine. She went to reside with some distant relatives, who, from the date of the parents' death, treated the orphans as their own daughters. Their kindness to poor Catherine was unbounded, and for a long time they endured her insane caprices, and believed that time would rectify her derangement. At last, however, a dangerous outbreak convinced them that they could no longer pursue the course which their affection had dictated, and Catherine Merivale was placed under my father's care.

"Her madness now declared itself in a single strange delusion. She imagined that her family had been forcibly expelled from their old home—this very house—and that it was her mission and destiny to execute the vengeance of Heaven against the unjust and merciless intruder.

"During the last few months the poor lady's health had apparently improved. She had become more calm than formerly, and my father and myself both hoped and believed that her cure would ultimately be effected. The restraints at first imposed were gradually slackened, and she appeared still further to benefit by increased freedom.

"I am now satisfied that this more moderate conduct was the result of that deep cunning which not unfrequently attends madness, and that it was intended to disarm our suspicions and facilitate an escape. Three days ago the poor woman suddenly disappeared from the asylum; and her flight was accomplished in a manner which displayed the most remarkable ingenuity and forethought.

"Until to-day we were on a completely wrong scent in the pursuit. This morning, however, while reflecting on the special nature of Miss Merivale's delusion, it struck me as highly probable that she might have fled to Heathfield. By the help of an intelligent detective officer, I have verified my suspicions, and tracked the poor lunatic to this place. And now I have only to add that, from the description you give of your nightly visitations, I cannot doubt that she is under this very roof. The comparative emptiness of the house, and her thorough knowledge of the premises, have no doubt facilitated her concealment. We have both of us cause for the deepest thankfulness to Providence that the intensity of her delusion—under which she regards herself as the avenging angel of the Most High—has led her to delay the deed of blood (which be sure she would have perpetrated at last), and to utter, by way of preface, pompous threats and prophecies in token of her imagined divine commission."

On listening to this extraordinary narrative, my feelings, as may be supposed, were those of mingled pity, horror, relief, and gratitude. All was now clear to me as day. The face that I had seen was, as I at last realized, unmistakably that of the Catharine Merivale, with whom I had played as a child; and thus the painful burden of my late oppressive doubt was wholly removed. The poor lunatic had probably arrived at Heathfield the same evening as myself; had watched me to the Stanhopes's and back; pursued me to my chamber—imagining me (the luckless visitor) to be the actual owner of the house, whom it was her mission to expel or destroy!

But no time was to be lost in discovering and securing the dangerous inmate. Her capture was accomplished by the detective officer, who, under the instructions of my friend, personated with wonderful skill and coolness a second avenging angel, and drew the unhappy lunatic from her place of concealment by means of bombastic phraseology, in which the counsel of a sister-spirit was offered, and co-operation in the act of vengeance assured. Thus the madwoman's delusion was made to accomplish her capture.

Once secured, she was treated with the tenderest consideration; and when she had been removed to a place of safety (a neighboring asylum) for the night, my friend returned to me, and we examined together the rooms.

The Grange, above the ground floor, was curiously divided into two almost distinct parts, each approached by a separate staircase. In the absence of the family, half of the house was unoccupied at night, save that the coachman slept in one of its attics. My room had been situated in the other and now more inhabited division, where were the rooms also of the indoor servants. A passage, seldom used, and encumbered with lumber, united, as I now learnt, these two divisions, and opened by a singular sliding door in a panel of the wainscoting, into the very chamber where I had slept. By this approach therefore, doubtless well-known to the lunatic, she had clearly entered my room. For all that we could discover to the contrary, she might have wandered over the entire house at night. She had certainly visited the pantries, to supply herself with the necessary food.

It will readily be conceived that, in the eyes of servants and neighbors, I now became a kind of hero. The former dropped their displeasure, and addressed me with an affectionate familiarity (which I found it needful to check), anxious to be regarded as the partners of my late peril, and the sharers of my escape; the latter—to the full as demonstrative—overwhelmed me during the remainder of my occupation of the Grange with cards, inquiries, and invitations.

Since the strange reports concerning me had alone prompted that icy note from Edith's father, the facts which confuted those reports restored me to my previous position in the prudent parent's estimation. Edith, moreover, took to her bed on my account, and so inclined her papa for an opening of negotiations. My love for the gentle girl enabled me to detect my opportunity, and to seize it with avidity. My comfortable private fortune and fair professional prospects at length told favorably upon the somewhat calculating old gentleman; so that when, having found new chambers, I returned to town, my "troubled tenancy" of the Grange had yielded me two benefits, viz.:—the subject for a story, and (under parental sanction) the promise of a wife.

EDWARD WHITAKER.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1865.

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EXCITING TIMES.

What with the fall of gold from over 200 to about 165, the consequent fall in stocks and in many descriptions of merchandise, and the good army news from Sheridan and Sherman, we have had quite an exciting time during the last week.

Verily, "the beginning of the End" seems at length to have reached us.

War, we all know well by this time, is very uncertain—but the prospect of success, and that in a short period, evidently begins to glow brighter and brighter.

It hardly seems probable now that any great and serious reverse can overtake the Union armies—of course a reverse is possible, but a great and serious one, though of course possible, is not probable.

Of course gold goes down, or, rather, greenbacks go up, with the credit of the Government, and the prospect of a cessation of our heavy expenses.

We should not be surprised ourselves, to see gold and silver, in one year from this time, not only at par, but almost a "drug" in the market—a thing we have known in days that are past.

We have known the banks absolutely refuse to take from their customers more than twenty dollars of silver at a time on deposit.

We have known a poor fellow with some thousands of gold, afraid to keep it in his house, and unable to deposit it in the bank from which in a panic he had drawn it.

Already exchange, owing to the smallness of our recent importations, is in our favor, on the gold basis. Now let the war cease, and what follows. There is probably a full crop of cotton now in the Southern states. Send out a million of bales, and gold comes in on every steamship.

Again, this war once over, and the Union successful, and European capitalists will consider our Government as firmly based as any in the world—a thing which until this time they have never believed.

Now, put our loans even at par, and where can they invest to equal advantage? Therefore we look for an excitement abroad, as our loans begin to rise in the foreign market, equal to our own Petroleum excitement. Our loans will be bought by the hundreds of millions. They will go up, not only to par, but above it—for a government loan on which five per cent. can be made, is considered a good thing by a foreign capitalist.

For these Government bonds we shall receive gold by the millions.

There is a good deal said as to whether it is expedient that the price of gold and of merchandise should fall gradually or rapidly. It makes no difference, or very little, in our opinion, what the merchants and editors and government officials determine—they were all utterly powerless to prevent gold from rising; they will be as powerless to prevent it from falling.

As we believe that gold went up in accordance with natural laws, so we believe it will go down in accordance with the same, careless who or how many are hurt or benefitted.

So as to the prices of commodities. If gold goes down, they will go down too. If sellers do not yield at once, they will have to yield the more when they do yield. Let both sellers and buyers do their wisest—that is well. But in the end they will be surprised, perhaps, to see how little they have been able to do to alter the general result.

Let no loyal man forget, however, that the Fall of Gold, unpleasant as it may happen to be to many in a pecuniary aspect, is the accurate, impartial, cold-blooded guage of the success of the Union cause. Gold is the mercury of our political thermometer; it rises and falls as the rebellion grows hot or cold, entirely careless of how individual interests are affected. It embodies the judgment of large-brained, cold-hearted financiers, who, being perfectly impartial, are "wiser in their generation than the children of light," as to the prospects of the war, the condition of the U. S. Treasury, and the wealth of our people. Therefore from the patriotic point of view, we can all rejoice at the immense results which are signified by that little phrase—"Gold is going down."

RETURN OF MR. DEMPSTER.—We had the pleasure of taking this distinguished vocalist by the hand last week, on his passage through this city to Washington. Mr. Dempster has recently returned from his native land, where he has been making a year's visit. He designs giving a couple of concerts in Philadelphia in the early part of April, to be followed by several in New York and Boston. He will doubtless be warmly greeted by his host of friends and admirers.

A Dream of the Future.

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

[The following poem was read at the celebration of the opening of the first forty miles of the Eastern Division of the Pacific Railroad.]

Come listen, I'll tell you a dream, a dream
strangely true,
That came while the night touched the earth
with her dew;
A bright dream that thrilled me, that pressed
out my soul
Into grand exultation, yet whose sweet softness
stole
O'er my senses in soothing, lulled to rest every
thought
That could pain or distress me. This dream was
so fraught
With beauty and power, it is haunting me yet
With a spell that my spirit can never forget.

I stood on a plain; all around me the grass
Waved in billows, like waters o'er which light
winds pass.
Starry flowers glowed through it, their perfume
as sweet
As the rippling of waves in the rill at my feet.
The sky o'er my head was so blue and so clear
The evening star hung like a silvery tear,
While the red sinking sun threw a flush up the
West
As royal as robes in which Princes are dressed.

Far away, far away o'er the billowy green
A dark moving mass in the distance was seen
Dashing swift as the wind o'er the beautiful soil
No'er trodden by man as the field of his toil.
The child of the plain followed fast in its
track—
His steed flecked with foam, a bow at his back,
And a quiver filled up with shafts, strangely
wrought
Out of flints, sharp and jagged, that caught
Like saws in the flesh of the victims they
sought.

'Twas a picture of grandeur—of wild, untamed
power
That rose on my sight in the deep midnight
hour;
I could hear the loud breathings, see eyeballs
that flashed—
Hear the trampling of hoofs in yielding earth
dashed—
See the dusky red brow beaded over with rain
That fell in swift drops as he sped o'er the
plain,
'Till far from the reach of the eye he had gone,
And, spell-bound, I stood on the prairie alone.

Then onward I wandered, plucked flowers wet
with dew,
Gathered pebbles that glittered with gold. Threw
Stones white with silver at things whose bright
eyes
Glowed on me like stars from the height of the
skies.
And as onward I went through this beautiful
land
New riches sprang round me on every hand;
From the plain to the mountain whose white
brow uprose
To the blue vault of Heaven—on which the pure
snows

Never melted; but stately and glorious and
proud
In its eternal grandeur, enwreathed with a cloud
Like the crown on the head of a monarch, it
stood
Unshaken alike by the tempest or flood;
And its gray, dusky bosom with jewels o'erdecked,
Of which the great world of the East never
recked.

I looked on in wonder, remembering that world
To whom these great beauties had ne'er been
unfurled,
And thought it so strange that no great enterprise
Had yet reached the fairest of lands 'neath the
skies.

Ah! what dark, heavy curtains divided these
lands,
With ne'er a fold shaken by strong human
hands;
The bright land of Culture, the Wilderness
wild,
Though the same sun for ages and ever them
smiled.
The same Divine Power controlling each sphere,
The same sky o'erarching them, beautiful,
clear—
And I said, "May you never, oh, Progress, find
rest,
Till you've linked with the East the broad lands
of the West."

Still onward I went, but an age had rolled by,
The same beauties greeted of earth and of sky;
But over the plains there were hundreds of
men
Whose shouts the tall mountains re-echoed
again;
And they trod the green earth with a step that
was proud;
Their frank smiles were sweet, and their laughter was loud.
Their rough, sun-browned foreheads with triumph
were crowned,
For here, after long years of labor was found
A reward great and grand—upon every side,
From the civilized world, streamed a murmurous
tide.

And forward they moved to the set of the sun,
By Kansas, Nebraska, Utah, beckoned on—
The clear, winding Platte, through valley and
hill,
And mountains more 'trancingly beautiful still;
The soft, purple mists o'er the far Western Peak,
Beyond which is lying the land that they seek.

These mountains, so desolate once, in the waste
Were now by a firm band of iron embraced—
Or cleft deftly through with a wound from which
came
A monster of power—of smoke and of flame—
Snorting hot over the plains, with his quick
panting breath,
Till they trembled his ponderous footsteps beneath.

Where the buffalo herded 'mid billows of green,
The glittering of spires in the sunshine was
seen;
There were cities with mansions and cottages
neat,
With green, flowery parks and neatly paved
street—
With factories whose clamor seemed beating the
sky,
And mill-wheels that flung diamond showers on
high.

And here where the red man once danced in his
glee,
Or stretched his full length 'neath the sturdy
oak tree,
A structure has risen whose sweet, shining bells,
The pulse of the Sabbath each night and morn
swells,
While the red man himself lingers wistfully
round,
To catch from the church the deep volume of
sound.

East and West linked together—lands so far
apart—
By an iron chain running from heart unto heart;
I stood with delight on Pacific's bright shore,
And caught through that chain the Atlantic's
deep roar.
Ah, who shall describe the hard toil of years!
The energy battling to overcome fears,
The hills to surmount, the thorns to crush down,
The thrill of the smile that is won from a frown.

☞ On the Midland Railway's new line, in England, at a place called Bugsworth, one of the sides of a deep sand-cutting at the mouth of a tunnel suddenly gave way lately, killing one man and imprisoning eleven others and four horses in the tunnel. A number of men were set to work to remove the fall of sand, and the night had far advanced before they had effected their object. To their surprise they found that the eleven navvies had been going on with their work in the tunnel all the time! The men had held a consultation, at which they came to the conclusion that proper steps would be taken to liberate them; and as they could do nothing toward it themselves, they might as well pursue their ordinary tasks. From 200,000 to 300,000 tons of earth had fallen at the mouth of the tunnel.

☞ THE CROPS.—Commissioner Newton has issued a crop circular from the Department of Agriculture, which shows a large increase in the amount and value of agricultural products in 1864 over the yield of the previous year. The increase in the yield of corn was 132,612,191 bushels; in oats 5,860,330 bushels; buckwheat, 2,911,416. Wheat fell off 12,983,105 bushels; rye, 116,360 bushels; barley, 1,442,567 bushels; potatoes, 2,432,169 bushels. Total increase in 1864, 141,386,939 bushels; total decrease, 16,974,201 bushels. Net increase, 124,412,738 bushels.

☞ A grand sword tournament is in contemplation at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, for the purpose of deciding who is the best swordsman in the armies of the United States. A prize of one thousand dollars is being raised. The first premium, for the champion swordsman will be a sword worth $250; the second will be a purse of $300, and the third a purse of $200. The affair promises to be very interesting.

☞ The 4th of March was a terribly cold day in Minnesota. At St. Paul the mercury in the thermometer marked thirty-three degrees below zero. On the same day the thermometer marked ten degrees below zero in central Iowa. In Chicago the day was regarded as quite mild and pleasant, while in New York and Washington it rained in torrents.

☞ PHOTOGRAPHY APPLIED TO TOPOGRAPHY.—Photography is superseding triangulation in France as a means of calculating distances and heights. By means of twenty-nine views taken from eighteen different points in less than sixty hours, an accurate plan of the city of Grenoble and of its environs, embracing an extent of more than twenty kilometres square (twelve and a half miles square), was executed in sixty days, which, by triangulation, would have taken two years to execute.

South American Civilization;

OR,

Glances and Glimpses at Agriculture, Arts, Architecture, Education, and Domestic Economy in Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Banda Oriental, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, and Equador, as Seen and Noted Down.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

I think it is customary for those who are about to preach a sermon, present a play, or write a book, to favor us with an insight as to the genius of the performance, by text, programme, or preface. I have no definite idea of achieving any one of these things—nevertheless it may be very proper for me to inform the reader, that in a series of brief sketches, each one complete, and the whole consecutive, I design to present him with truthful sketches, pertinent to the subjects indicated in the heading hereof; and honestly copied from my journal, kept during several years residence in and wandering through Brazil and the Spanish American countries above enumerated.

As my earliest advent into South America was in the Brazilian Empire, I purpose commencing the series with sketches of that country, and following round in the order of my pilgrimage, take in the Pacific Republics, and conclude with Equador.

Brazilian Architecture and Brazilian Homes.

When one enters a foreign country with the intention of domiciling himself there for any length of time, he very naturally looks about him for a place of shelter, which having secured, the observations upon the characteristics of that shelter follow as a matter of course; and as the peculiarities of Brazilian architecture are so notable to a North American, he is no great length of time in observing in detail the marked points of difference between Brazilian houses and those of the United States.

While in this country we have exhibitions of every order under Heaven, with modifications and variations of them all, in Brazil, there is a universal, never-ending sameness everywhere—everlastingly *adobe* walls, and tiled roofs, precisely as the Moors introduced them into the Spanish peninsula more than ten centuries since.

In all the commercial cities and larger towns throughout the empire, the better class of buildings are ranged along the business thoroughfares, and are usually two-storied structures, the first, or ground-floor, being invariably devoted to business purposes, while the second is the residence of those whose avocation is carried on underneath. The walls being of *adobe*, or unburned bricks, and of immense thickness, absorb moisture from the atmosphere like a sponge, so that the inner apartments are always humid—particularly so during the winter, or rainy season, which sets in with the beginning of June and terminates in August. For months together the beds are constantly damp, and if one sleeps between linen or cotton sheets, the sensations are as if he had crawled into a laundress's clothes basket among her pile of linen just sprinkled for ironing. It is something singular that under such circumstances rheumatic affections, colds, coughs or fevers, are rarely induced.

The majority of private dwellings and buildings where all the lesser trades and mechanical pursuits are carried on, are of one-story, having family storage, cellar, culinary, and all the conveniences that a Brazilian housekeeper has any conception of, under a shed, or series of sheds, somewhere in the rear.

But whatever the size, height, or purposes for which a building is erected—except it be a palace or cathedral, its architectural characteristics are the same—walls like those of a fortress, plastered white outside, massive doors opening almost to the lofty ceiling, and hewn in solid planks from the tree; ponderous window-shutters of dark, varnished wood, roofs of red tiles projecting far over gables and eaves, without symptom of cornice or bracket; not an indication of anything like a chimney; and brief as is the glance, we have a just representation of the exterior of a Brazilian house.

Within, the sameness is as uniform, and everywhere there is the same barrenness of convenience and architectural beauty. No snug, cozy closets and presses, no corniced and centre-pieced ceilings, no carved and bracketed mantels, not a vestige of grate or fire-place; but simply hard, bare floors, bare stuccoed walls, ceilings elevated to the Moorish standard of the eighth century, partition walls as massive as the main ones, walling in dormitories as dark and damp as dungeons.

All the cooking is universally performed under a shed, by courtesy called a *cozina*, (kitchen,) somewhere in the rear; the conveniences being some piers of stone or brick having iron bars laid loosely across, on which to place pots, pans and kettles. To introduce cooking-stoves, or the modern range, into general use in Brazil, would be an utter impossibility. Nevertheless, they do achieve some capital dishes in that country, the constituents and manner of making up of which I shall notice at another time.

The only relief from this monotonous sameness is now and then a house, or, it may be, a row of houses, having flat, cemented roofs, with ornamental copings, and arranged in tastefully laid out flower-plats, shaded from the tropical sun by canvas awnings, and affording a delightful retreat from the uncomfortable ardor of a vertical sun.

A brief description of one of the better class residences of a Brazilian country gentleman of means, will suffice to give the reader a very correct idea of country architecture throughout the empire.

During the first month of my residence in Rio de Janeiro, I made the acquaintance of Don Pastor Frias, a Catalan Spaniard by birth, a man of great wealth, a manufacturer of leather on a very extensive scale, and also of all articles made from that material. Don Pastor always had large government contracts of boots, shoes, saddles, bridles, bitts, knapsacks, etc., to fill, which made it necessary for him to visit Rio frequently, so that we often met, and soon became very intimate.

Don Pastor had so often and urgently insisted upon myself and wife paying him a visit and remaining "three months," that at length we accepted the invitation and went.

The distance from Rio was fifteen leagues; and as railroads, turnpikes, and stage-coaches, were not in accordance with the genius of the country, we accepted that mode of conveyance which was, and went on horseback, accomplishing our journey on the second day in time for a fashionable four-o'clock dinner.

We found the *estancia* of Don Pastor just on the outskirts of a beautiful little village, located in a picturesque valley away up among the Organ Mountains, (so named from their peaks, as seen from Rio, resembling the pipes of an organ.) But before entering upon the domain, let us take a brief survey of its out-door features.

An area of some ten acres, enclosed by a glittering white *adobe* wall, fifteen feet in height, chevaux-de-frised along its summit with broken glass bottles set in cement, absolutely defying egress or ingress over that barrier.

Midway in the stretch of the western wall, and forming a portion of it, is located a massive building, entered by an arch full twenty feet in height and twelve in width, closed by ponderous doors checkered with iron bars, secured by huge bolts and hinges, that would defy all violence less violent than artillery.

Passing within this entrance, we find on our right hand a vast accumulation of manufactured material ready for delivery; while on the left there is an almost endless variety of every kind of foreign and domestic fabrics required by the human hive we shall find as we progress.

Our passage through this monstrous magazine lies along an earthen way the width of the great gate, and emerging from the inner doorway we come upon an open court, perhaps a hundred feet square, having in its farthest right-hand corner a capacious open shed supplied with all the appliances of a Brazilian kitchen, and along the wall on one side a range of primitive cooking arrangements, with bright fires blazing, savory dishes stewing, steaming, roasting, baking, and boiling; while busy as ants are a half dozen cooks in as many colors, preparing dinner for fully three hundred hungry mouths; for this is Don Pastor's kitchen, from whence he feeds his patriarchal household.

At the opposite corner of the court is an enclosure, within which we behold a poultry brigade, composed of turkeys, geese, guinea-fowl, pea-fowl, ducks and chickens, all in capital condition, and destined ere long for the table of Don Pastor and his dependents. A most convenient arrangement certainly, so far, at least, as the cuisine force is concerned.

Passing inward from the court, through a narrow door in another strong, high wall, we enter the grand division of the *estancia*, and find on our left, next the partition wall, the residence of the proprietor—an extensive, square, one-storied building of *adobe*, having the inevitable red tiled roof, wide, projecting eaves, and ample veranda, which is a perfect wilderness of brilliant flowers.

Joined to the proprietary mansion is a long range of open sheds in which is stored an immense stock of the various barks used in tanning, and where it is also prepared for use by being beaten to the required condition by hand with mallets of hard wood.

On the opposite side of the avenue, fronting these sheds, is a range of two-storied workshops and dwellings combined, where all articles of leather fabric are manufactured; the extent of the range being seven hundred feet in length by eighteen in depth. This range is divided into apartments above and below, twelve feet wide, the first floor rooms being the shops, and those of the second, dormitories for those who labor underneath, the rule being that an entire family—father, mother, and as many children as there may be, occupy one of these lofts and workshops exclusively, working at some distinct branch of the business by themselves. Access is had to these dormitories by means of a light ladder, through a "hole in the wall," two feet square, over the front entrance to the shop.

Passing down the avenue, we come next to the common *salle mange*, a structure with open sides and ends very nearly like one of our open street market houses, and like them planted in the centre of the highway. The building is four hundred feet long, and in the centre, through its entire length, is arranged a table tall enough to accommodate one to a *stand-up* meal, and on either side of it, along its entire length, are arranged lines of glittering tin plates, and tin cups for coffee, while beside each plate are knife and fork, and white, wheaten loaf, a trifle larger, and in shape exactly like the baker's roll of this country. Everything about the dining hall and table is kept scrupulously clean and neat.

Further on is the tannery—a vast, one-storied establishment, covering quite two acres of ground, and a respectable sized stream of very clear cold water, which has its course through the centre of the tannery. In this department labor some two hundred of Don Pastor's family; these having their dormitories in a range of lofts over the leather warehouse, a hundred yards or so from the tannery.

At sunrise, the *Patron* (superintendent,) with a huge, bullock's horn trumpet, blasts every one out, and to labor. After indulging them in an hour's exercise, another blast sends them to breakfast. An hour allowed for that meal, and they are again blown away to work. At 11 o'clock the horn trumpet sounds their dismissal till three P. M. Then they are summoned to labor for an hour, when they are blown out to dinner. Another hour for eating and idleness, after which they work till sunset, and are dismissed by blast of trumpet. At eight o'clock the *Patron* blows them to the *salle mange* for coffee, fruit and wine, and at nine a blast sends them scampering to their holes for the night.

For this light service they receive no regular stipend, but draw from the house whatever articles they require, and as Don Pastor is no niggard, they are in no wise stinted. These people are mostly *Peons*, or half-breeds, and are literally as much the property of the proprietor as ever southern slave was of his master, though held by no such tenure.

The quadrupedal population of Don Pastor's estancia is made up of—say seventy-five dogs of all manner of breeds and crosses; some sixty mules, thirty-five horses, twenty milch cows, a hundred hogs, three score sheep, and an equal number of goats, all maintained on imported forage, and ranging at will within the inclosure, amid groves of citrons, limes, oranges, lamons, figs, olives, tamarinds, peaches, palms and pines, which grow here luxuriantly, affording most delicious fruits.

Within the proprietorial mansion, there was visible no architectural display; but an abundance of home comfort as the Brazilians understand that commodity. Not an inch of carpet visible, but floor marquetry, wrought in birds, fruits, and flowers, harmoniously designed and skillfully executed; those of the dining and drawing rooms of tesselated marble—pure Parian, and spotless Italian—black and white checked with delicate alabaster, and chaste lapizlazuli, all polished to the last degree of finish, and guiltless of speck or stain. There were lofty ceilings, broad casements, unglazed, affording ample supplies of light and air; and on every hand stood tall, capacious vases bearing a wealth of beautiful Brazilian flowers, and fruits in profusion, ripe and luscious, among which were strawberries, red, white, and yellow, of extraordinary size and flavor, dwarf cherries deliciously sweet, and great melting figs, purple as royal velvet.

Made most welcome by Don Pastor and his amiable, accomplished wife, Senora Oleiva, in such a home, and with such accessories, we could do no other than enjoy ourselves to the extent of our capacity for domestic enjoyment.

Don Pastor was necessarily absent from home a great deal; but Dona Oleiva knew very well how to entertain us, and during our two months sojourn at the estancia, never once remitted her efforts to do so. Almost every morning at break of day, she accompanied us in a pedestrian ramble beyond the walled domain, frequently into the village; and usually in the afternoons we had delightful equestrian jaunts up and down the magnificent valley.

But a social visit cannot last always, and so with regret we left our delightful home in the Organ Mountains; but ever since, the recollection of our pleasant sojourn at Monte-alegre, affords enjoyment.

The Davenport Brothers.

Bad news from Harry Palmer and the Davenport Brothers.

Instead of taking the Brothers to the Continent, as he intended, Mr. Palmer started with them on a tour through the provinces.

At Liverpool they fell in with a couple of uncivil civil engineers, who had invented a knot which neither the Davenports nor the d—l could untie.

The result was a refusal to perform, a grand row and a general smashing of the furniture.

When the Davenports tried to show in the next town the civil engineers were on hand again and there was another row.

The spectators wanted their money back and they got it.

What amuses me is, that people who always declared the Davenports to be humbugs should be so indignant when the humbug is exposed!

But is it exposed?

The Davenports say that the new knot hurts them and stops the circulation. That is very probable.

The spirits may not like the new knot, and everybody knows how ungovernable the spirits are.

We know that they insisted upon darkness and a cabinet as prerequisites of their performances—why should they not insist upon easy knots?

Give the Davenports a week's practice and they will untie the new knot as they did the old ones.—*N. Y. Leader.*

Oil in Mexico.

A letter from Mexico states: The interest in discoveries of petroleum continues unabated. Springs of undoubted value have been found at the Huastecs, and at several points in the Department of San Luis Potosi and on the Tampico river, as well as in several places in the valley of Mexico; and even on the Pacific side, on the coast of Jalisco, the unctuous fluid is said to abound. Where it will next turn up is yet to be known, but "prospecting parties" are on the alert for every shadow of indication. Messrs. Covert, McCune, and Poole, American residents of Mexico, have come into possession of some valuable springs, and Mr. William H. Arnoux, representing a number of New York capitalists, has recently left for the United States with important title papers relative to petroleum, almost under the very "Halls of the Montezumas." Mr. Covert leaves Vera Cruz, by the English steamer for Havana and New York, with equally interesting information, and representing some of the most valuable discoveries yet made in Mexico. The oil is clear and of good quality and is accessible by navigable streams. Boring is soon to be commenced on a large scale, for which any amount of capital is in readiness. The exclusive right to refine this oil, which, as stated in former correspondence, has been granted to some of the above-named parties, makes their monopoly of almost inconceivable value, particularly when it is considered that they have not only the outside world as a market, but some seven millions of Mexican population to supply—a local trade which is every day increasing, and which can defy importation from abroad.

☞ In the Census Reports for 1860, it is stated that the dwellings in the United States increased, in the ten years preceding the report, from about three and one-third millions to five millions, or an increase of 49 per cent., and accordingly larger than the percentage of increase in population. This fact shows that the population of the country enjoys better house accommodations than they did ten years ago, and while the average occupants of a dwelling in 1850 was nearly six persons, the average in 1860 was only about five and a-half occupants.

☞ An exchange discovers that South Carolina can probably talk more and do less than any other state in the Union.

☞ The Mormons have commenced cutting a canal of a magnitude far exceeding anything of the kind ever undertaken in the Territory before, for the two-fold purpose of irrigation and navigation. Starting near the boundaries of Utah and Salt Lake counties, it will wind its way along the eastern side of the valley, watering the land on its course, including a considerable tract yet unbroken, and reaching a terminus in the city, a short distance south and west of where the artesian well is being sunk; its entire length being over thirty-two miles.

☞ Carl Benson writes to the N. Y. Evening Post:—"English grammar is certainly getting to be more and more at a discount. 'Wilkes's Spirit being called upon to decide a bet, gravely declares that the expression, 'There is a billiard-match between him and me,' is ungrammatical. Of course I shall not insult the readers of your paper by showing that the clause is perfectly good English."

☞ M. Nigra, the Italian Minister, has presented to the Empress of the French a Venetian gondola to navigate the waters of Fontainebleu. The present is accompanied with a sonnet, engraved in gold, which represents Venice as in the hands of the foreigner, and the winged lion sleeping till the day of vengeance wakes him again. The sonnet concludes with these sentiments:—"Woman! If the silent Emperor ever lingers on this peaceful lake, tell him that on the Adriatic shore, Venice, spoiled, naked, bleeding, suffers, but lives still, and waits for the hour of her freedom!"

Facts About Water.

Water is a complication of contradictions. We have hard water and soft water; fresh water and salt water. It cools the fires of fever; it warms the frozen frame. It gives life; it causes death. It belongs to earth, but, never resting here, seeks the skies, and, discontented there, returns to earth again for another transient visit. The history of the erroneous views which have been entertained, respecting the constituents and characteristics of water, could not be given in a single volume. Some of the most interesting peculiarities of this element are given by an English journal, in an article which we present, with only such slight modifications as serve to make the statement more perspicuous.

Water is at once yielding and resisting. It gives way, when permitted to do so, with marvellous facility. The slightest and lightest substance dropped upon it is admitted to its embrace, in strict accordance and proportion to its deserts and its density. A grain of sand readily finds its natural place at the bottom. A hydrostatic or water-bed is the easiest of couches—so easy, in fact, that some invalids cannot bear its excessive pliancy and complete adaptation to the form of the sleeper. Hence the notion of Descartes and others, that to explain the phenomena of water, its ultimate particles must be oblong, smooth, and flexible, lying one upon another like eels in a tub. But water of a given temperature, confined, is of astonishing hardness; it is almost incompressible at that temperature; for what is a reduction of from forty-four to forty-eight millionth parts of its volume under a pressure equal to that of the atmosphere? Many solid matters—wood, for instance—can be squeezed into a much smaller than their original bulk. The packer's art has attained wonderful perfection in inclosing much in little space, but all the queen's horses and all the queen's men cannot put a quart of water into a pint bottle. You could sooner drive a nail into a solid cube of steel than you could drive one into a cube of water inclosed in a perfectly unyielding box. It is the unsqueezability of water which gives its enormous strength to the hydraulic press. The hardness of water may be felt by striking its surface smartly with the open hand; the quality is also known to unfortunate swimmers who, intending to pitch into the water headforemost, fall flat on their stomachs instead.

Pure water is at its greatest density, or heaviest and most contracted, at about four degrees centigrade, or at exactly thirty-nine degrees of Fahrenheit, that is, at seven degrees above the freezing point; but if the temperature changes either way the water expands. From the maximum density up to the boiling point, the expansion amounts to the four hundredth part of its volume—a mere nothing. If it cool below its maximum density, it still expands up to the freezing point. Consequently, water which is near the point of freezing is lighter than water that is only a trifle warmer. It therefore rises and floats on the surface, allowing the warmer stratum of water to sink. Rivers and lakes, therefore, freeze from the top downward (which would not happen were the density of water to continue to increase with increasing cold,) and the fish and water-weeds remain uninjured. Were the case otherwise than it is—if our streams and pools froze from the bottom—in long-continued frosts they would become solid blocks of ice; acquatic plants and animals would perish; and even in cases of partial freezing, the thaw and the return to a normal state of things would be much more tardy than under existing circumstances. Water still further expands at its conversion into ice; but with that we have nothing to do. Ice is not water, and with water alone are we now dealing.

Colder than the freezing-point, water is ice; hotter than the boiling-point, water is steam. But not long since, the Comte Henri Russel, after encountering fifty degrees of cold in Asiatic Siberia—and mercury freezes at forty-eight degrees—had to bear fifty degrees of heat in Australia. When we remember that water evaporates rapidly at a temperature far below the boiling-point, we see at once what a transitory, fleeting, and changeful thing it is. While we are looking at it, it is gone; before we can seize it, it slips through our fingers. Indeed, according to Boyle and others, water is a crystal melting at a low temperature, whose normal condition is that of ice. In other words, water is an unnatural state of ice; whenever it is not, it ought to be, ice. Heat dissolves ice into water just as it dissolves butter into oil. Butter and ice, nevertheless, are the proper forms for those liquids to appear in.

Pure water is protoxide of hydrogen,—is hydrogen rusted, and that thoroughly and completely, as much as iron-rust is oxyd of iron; only the rusting is done instantaneously instead of gradually. Here again we have two separate paradoxes in one. First, hydrogen is the lightest form of matter known, except ether, of which we know but little. Two volumes of this lightest gas combined with one volume of oxygen—a gas only a trifle heavier than air, form a fluid whose weight we have just been wondering at. Secondly, oxygen is eminently the sustainer of combustion, the life and soul of fire; and hydrogen is the combustible which illuminates our cities, warms our apartments, cooks our food and kills us by its ill-timed explosions. And yet these two together constitute the agent which we daily employ, on the smallest and the largest scale, to extinguish fire!

When the scornful mother launched the taunt at her son, that he never would set the Thames on fire, and the lad muttered, candlestick in hand, "I'm blessed if I don't try!" he was more in the right than his prejudiced parent. The Thames may be set on fire—although not with a tallow-candle—and burned. It is a question, not of possibility, but of purse-strings. Water can be separated into its two constituent gases (which is an analytical proof of what it is made,) and the hydrogen used for lighting purposes. An experimental apparatus has been worked at the Invalides, Paris, and is working still, but the problem of producing gas from water, at a marketable price, yet remains unsolved. The process and its attendant essays are not open to public inspection, for voracious plagiarists and patentees would pounce upon cheap water-gas the moment it was invented.

☞ The "Bessemer process," by which steel is made directly from cast-iron, is said to be the most profitable patent in the world." Mr. Bessemer's present income from royalties, says the London Enquirer, "exceeds £100,000 per annum! His royalties are £1 per ton for ingots for axles, &c., and £3 per ton for ingots for a higher quality of steel; and those are strictly enforced against the largest concerns in the land."

LATEST NEWS.

Army of the Potomac advices say that rumors that the enemy contemplates an evacuation still prevail. On Wednesday and Thursday the rebels were in active motion in front of the Ninth Corps. A heavy explosion occurred on Thursday night, and it was supposed at City Point that the rebels had attempted to blow up Fort Hell.

Mobile is now strongly menaced by the Union forces. A dispatch from there on the 11th states that fourteen vessels have been added to the fleet, that great activity prevails, and there is every indication of an early attack.

The great destruction of property by General Sheridan, in his last raid, is fully set forth in the latest rebel papers received.

Fayetteville, N. C., was occupied on the 10th. So says a despatch from General Howard Hardee, with 20,000 men, withdrew across the river on the previous night. Gen. Sherman was there when the despatch was written, and the army was never in better condition.

A Texas regiment is reported to have opened the rebel prison, at Jackson, Miss., and freed the prisoners, bidding them go home, and saying they were about to do the same.

Jeff. Davis sent a special message to the rebel Congress on Monday night. The message is gloomy in the extreme, and calls upon Congress to furnish at once material, men and money to relieve them from their peril.

☞ A correspondent describes a huge coffee pot in use by the Potomac army. It consists of three large boilers, containing about twenty-five gallons, with furnaces underneath. These are supported by two wheels, and under the axle is a box for wood and coal. On the four wheels is a chest, containing canisters for coffee, tea, farina, sugar and condensed milk. The whole is drawn by two horses, and is intended to operate on the battle-field to supply the wounded with coffee, &c. This has been used on several battle-fields.

☞ An enterprise in the shape of a railroad store is being talked of at Huntingdon, Indiana. It is the intention to have a commodious car, to hold say three or four thousand dollars' worth of goods, which they propose to sell at a small profit in order to sell out and renew their stock once a month. The railroad stores will stop at the principal towns along the road and stay so long as the rush lasts.

☞ At Fort Vancouver, the medium of intercourse is a curious mixture of Canadian, French, English, Indian and Chinese. An Englishman goes by the name of "Kintahosh," a corruption of King George; an American is called "Boston;" and the ordinary salutation is "Clakhohayah." This is explained by the fact that the Indians, frequently hearing a trader named Clark addressed by his companions in the village, "Clark, how are you?" imagined that this sentence was the correct English form of salutation.

☞ Federal Officers Going to Mexico.—A new and overshadowing sensation has seized upon our armies in the field. It has transpired that many Union officers, distinguished for service and gallantry, whose terms have expired, have yielded to the flattering overtures made by responsible parties, and accepted commands in the national army of Mexico. The service is immensely popular, and thus far the selections made indicate that those of tried ability and valor are especially sought after.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ Upon the occasion of Gen. Sherman's approach to Charleston, the Charleston Mercury raved, and raged, and swaggered, and blustered, and bullied, and defied, and cursed, and swore, and—skedaddled.—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ Ten Cardinal's hats are now at the disposal of the Pope.

☞ In the countries around Buenos Ayres, four million cattle are killed every year for their hides. Each animal yields about a hundred and fifty pounds of dried beef; hence the enormous quantity wasted may be easily calculated.

☞ Eight railroad disasters occurred last week in different portions of the country, and forty-five since the commencement of the year, involving the loss of sixty-one persons killed and four hundred and forty-one wounded.

☞ It is said that the first well in the Pennsylvania oil region was sunk in 1859.

☞ Hunter, of Virginia, in his speech in the rebel Senate on the Negro Soldier Bill, said that he should obey "instructions" and vote for it, "but that it is in opposition to all his views of public policy, and *amounts to an abandonment of the cause for which they made war*; overthrows the last hope of the Confederacy; *leaves no cause of dispute with the Yankees*, and ushers in abolition and negro equality."

☞ The Use of a Comma.—Orpheus C. Kerr illustrates this very ingeniously:—By misplacing a comma, he completely changes the sense of the Scriptural passage—"The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous is bold as a lion." Making it to read, "The wicked *flee*, when no man pursueth but the righteous, is bold as a lion." Can anything be more ridiculous?

☞ A laborer in the Treasury Department, named Davis, while engaged in sweeping the building on Saturday evening, found a package containing one hundred and seventy thousand dollars, which, with rare honesty for these degenerate times, he returned to Secretary McCulloch.

☞ Many complain that they are not appreciated properly, simply because they are.

☞ The Delaware (N. Y.) Express says:—"A funeral cortege passed through Franklin, from Hancock, recently, the *two* wives of the deceased (Oliver Butts) following, and each lamenting the loss of her husband! Deceased and his wives had lived together happily, we understand, under the same roof. He had six children by one wife, and seven by the other."

☞ Sheridan was once staying at the house of an elderly maiden lady in the country, who wanted more of his company than he was willing to give. Proposing one day to take a stroll with him, he excused himself on account of the badness of the weather. Shortly afterwards she met him sneaking out alone. "So, Mr. Sheridan, it has cleared up." "Just a little, ma'am—enough for one, but not enough for two."

☞ "The most luxurious smoker I ever knew," says Mr. Paget, was a young Transylvanian, who told me that his servant always inserted a lighted pipe into his mouth the first thing in the morning, and he smoked it out before he awoke. "It is so pleasant," he observed, "to have the proper taste restored to one's mouth before one is sensible even of its wants."

TO MY WIFE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COL. FOSTER.

Pleasant as rainbow after stormy days,
When earth with virgin freshness smiles again,
Thou art to me, and all thy pleasant ways
Warm my sad heart as sunshine does the grain.

How beautiful to see the struggling light
Mantle the hills where shade and shadow lie,
And just before comes down the curtained night,
Write out the promise of a brighter sky.

So thou, when all was darkness, spoke of light,
Though 'cross our path no weakest sunbeam shone,
Smiled through the hours of all the tedious night,
And I was blessed in living not alone.

When all earth's shadows shall have passed away,
And all forgotten shall our trials be,
Bathed in the sunshine of the perfect day,
God's blessing like a crown shall circle thee.

THE RED HAT.

A LEGEND OF THE MALMAISON.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Among upwards of a hundred portraits of the man Napoleon Bonaparte that I have collected, and about which a sufficiently curious historico-calcographic memoir might be written—don't be afraid! I am not about to attempt it now,—there is one which has ever been my favorite, and which seems to me to represent most truly and most eloquently the lineaments of him who was in youth "eminently beautiful" (as Johnson says of Milton,) in mature age majestic, and in death even sublime. My pet portrait is the whole-length one, erect, executed in the French stipple or imitation of soft-chalk manner, and which shows Napoleon still youthful in face and spare in form; his hair, however, shorn of the extreme length to which he let it grow when he was General of the Army of Italy; and himself clad in the straight surtout, *large* cocked-hat, top-boots, and buckskins of 1802–3. One hand is thrust in the opening of his vest; the attitude is staid and composed; the countenance collected but grave, and tending more to the gravity of his later years. There is almost a touch of melancholy about the eyes and mouth; although at the time this portrait was taken Napoleon had but little cause for sadness. He was First Consul, the foremost man of his age; and the world was full of his fame. He was at peace with this country. D'Enghien was unslain and Josephine undivorced. Austrian marriages, Spanish ulcers, Moscow pyres, Beresina snows, Leipsic bridges, Gemappes flights, Rocheford surrenders, St. Helena miseries, were all to come. Yet is this stippled effigy vaguely but unmistakably sorrowful to look upon. It was for years very popular in England; for it was the first well-authenticated portrait of the man that found its way to our shores. Hitherto the mind of the British public had been abused and their credulity outraged by the hideous monstrosities purporting to represent the "Corsican brigand," etched by the Government pensioner Gillray, who, by the way, went mad at last, and was actually confined in an upper room of the same house in St. James's Street on whose ground-floor his prints were vended.

In the background of this portrait (which is growing scarce now) you may see a trim garden and the tall pavillions and sloping roof of a French country-house. This house is La Malmaison, a modest mansion purchased by Bonaparte after his Italian campaigns, and which, with his modester *pied a terre* in the Rue Chantereine at Paris, formed then the sole property of the conqueror who had refused a bribe of millions at Campo Formio. And, indeed, why should he have amassed francs whose object was to acquire continents? The whole world was his Tom Tiddler's ground, whereon he picked up crowns and sceptres.

On the margin of my portrait, under a flourishing title and dedication, are faintly written in pencil the words "*Adieu, Malmaison*"—words traced probably by some admirer, and over which I have often sadly pondered. It was, in truth, a long farewell he was about to bid to the quiet country-place, and one which in the end proved of the bitterest. "*Adieu, Malmaison.*" There he was to leave the young, fond, beautiful wife; the placid evenings spent with Monge and Denon and Bertholet—the evenings devoted to chess and playful chat, or to the lectures of the grand old Frenchmen who reigned in letters before the epoch of the prurient baboons came in. "*Adieu, Malmaison.*" He left it conqueror and consul—a young, ardent, studious man, whose heart was still unseared, and whose hands were clean; left it to become emperor and king, mediator, and protector, and what besides all the world knows.

Josephine, however, came back, as you are aware, to Malmaison after her cruel divorce. There she surrounded herself with pictures, and statues, and flowers, and tapestry, and was generous to her ladies and good to the poor, and spent more than her immense income, like the kindly, bounteous, prodigal Creole she was. There a page, deputed by her former lord, brought her word that her rival was a mother, and that a King of Rome was born. Choking with sobs and with head averted she pressed money and diamonds into the page's hands. Poor woman! There she heard of the disasters of 1812, the struggle of '13, the crash of '14; and listened to the cannon booming from Montmartre, and the sputtering of musketry from the Barriere de Clichy. There, when she was told of the defection of the marshals, the red spot of anger came to her cheek, and a curl of scorn to her lip, and she cried out, with Creole vehemence, "*Les laches!*" And there, when the Allies had it all their own way in Paris, the Czar Alexander (who was not destitute of a kind of chivalry) came to comfort the first bride of his mighty foe, and spoke her fair and tenderly; but she recovered not the downfall of her Cid,—her "Achilles," as she called him who had used her so hardly,—and died, before he came back from Elba, really and truly of a broken heart, and was buried in the little church of Ruel. And her spirit was at rest.

If the hunters up of old legends are to be believed, a gloomy fate had always hung over this Malmaison—literally the house of evil. The Negro sorceress who told Mademoiselle Tascher de la Pagerie's fortune—not yet Madame Beauharnais, not yet the Empress Josephine—had prophecied that she would die in an hospital; and Malmaison, the legend-hunters say, had once been a pest-house.

There is even a stranger story concerning the place. The famous Russian Princess Bagration had a story about Malmaison which she professed to have heard at Vienna from the lips of Prince Eugene, ex-viceroy, of Italy, and the son of Josephine; and this story, as succinctly as I may, I propose to relate to you now:

On the evening of a dark and rainy day in the month of December, 16—, a solitary horseman, wrapped in a large cloak, might have been seen spurring his jaded steed along the high road leading from Ruel towards the gloomy and antiquated chateau then the residence of the formidable prime-minister of Louis the Thirteenth, Armand du Plessis, Cardinal and Duke of Richelieu. Remember, there was but one cavalier. Add another, and you might think I was borrowing from the lamented G. P. R. James.

This horseman drew bridle and dismounted at the door of a humble little village inn, bearing on its signboard the effigy of St. Nicholas, and which stood at the entrance to a gloomy avenue of poplars, at the opposite extremity of which was the chateau, and to which it served as a kind of lodge.

The horseman wore a felt hat without plume, band, or buckle; and his doublet of brown drugget destitute of either ribbons, lace, or embroidery, was sufficient to indicate, in an age when costume so closely denoted the gradations of rank, that he did not belong to the patrician class; still, from his open and almost defiant countenance and cavalierly turned-up mustache, it was not difficult to pronounce him one of those sturdy and independent burgesses whose fathers had fought in the wars of the League, and who, temporarily kept in subjection by the iron hand of Richelieu, reappeared during the troubles of the Fronde, but was destined to be completely absorbed by the glory of the Grand Monarque.

His horse appeared completely worn out, and the muddy state of his cloak testified to his having come a long distance by bad roads, in an age when all roads were execrable.

"May the plague light on the rogues who are bound to keep the king's highway in repair!" grumbled the traveller, as, tethering his steed to a post, he entered the inn, and proceeded to hammer with the butt-end of his whip upon a long table of coarse deal, which stood in the midst of a low-ceiled smoky common-room.

A fat man, of rotund abdomen and purpled face, clad in the traditional white apron and nightcap, and with a knife stuck in his girdle, for he was cook as well as host, entered the room.

"What might your lordship be pleased to want?" he asked, pulling off his cap, and making a lowly reverence.

"I am no lord, master of mine," replied the traveller, twisting his mustache not without complacency; "but a plain burgess, who owes nothing, and asks for nothing without he can pay for it. I am hungered and athirst. Give me some supper; make up a blazing fire; see to my horse; and I promise you that you shall have no reason to complain of me."

And as he spoke the traveller struck his pocket, which gave forth a metallic chink pleasant to hear.

The purple face of the innkeeper became one grin.

"We have not one room unoccupied," he said; "but my own private bedroom is at your grandeur's service. My wife shall make up a bed directly. As for the rest, you have but to wait a few minutes, and all your wishes shall be attended to."

Mine host was as good as his word. Ere long the traveller was comfortably stretched in a huge arm-chair, toasting his feet at a blazing fire, to which a couple of logs had been added. He could see through the casement that snow was beginning to fall thickly; he could hear the wintry wind dolefully howling; a soft warm odor from the kitchen began to titillate his nostrils, and he felt as cosy and complacent as men in all countries and ages have felt under similar circumstances.

"Come, this is better," he murmured, with a sigh of relief. "A dog's life is that of a traveller in December. May the black fever choke the Cardinal—"

He bounded in his chair with terror; he was nearly falling into a swoon, as, looking upwards, he saw the innkeeper, nightcap in hand, standing before him.

"'Sdeath man, what do you want?" he exclaimed, with ill-disguised trepidation.

"I am desirous," returned the other, with apparent embarrassment, "to ask a favor of your excellency."

The imprudent burgess breathed a little more freely after this, for he had expected nothing less than to be at once arrested by an exempt of his terrible eminence the Cardinal.

"Ask what you will, my friend," he responded in a courteous tone.

"Only imagine, your highness," pursued the diplomatic innkeeper, twisting one of the corners of his apron, "that no sooner had my wife made your room comfortable and tidy for you than another customer arrived. He is an old customer, and a very good customer too, for he only asks how much there is to pay, and allows me to tot up the reckoning. Well, you see, your superiority, that I can't exactly turn him out of doors on such a night as this; so I've just come to ask your grace if you will allow him to share your fire and your supper till bedtime, when I must find him a shake-down somewhere."

"Is he an honest man, this customer of yours?" asked the traveller in a dignified tone.

If it were possible for the deep-tinted face of the innkeeper to assume an intenser hue, he may be said to have blushed.

"Yes, yes, your excellency," he replied, "he is honest—a very honest man, as honest men go, and in his way of business."

"Tell him, then, that I shall be very pleased with his company, and that he is welcome to half my supper—the best half; and, hark ye, Mr. Landlord, see that it be good, and that the wine is of the right sort."

The innkeeper was profuse in his expressions of gratitude and in promises of a speedy appearance of excellent cheer; and then he left the room, somewhat precipitately, as the traveller thought, to inform his customer of the result of his mission.

In a minute or so the customer made his appearance. He was a strange customer—a curious customer—and, to tell truth, somewhat of an ugly customer. He was very tall, very thin, had very harshly-marked features, very small gray eyes, whose lids drooped whenever he was looked full in the face, and a pointed beard and mustache coarse and grizzled. His hands were knotted and bony, and of huge size. He was plainly dressed in a doublet, vest, and trunks of gray serged, bordered with black taffety, and terminated by long boots of untanned leather; but the most noticeable point in his apparel was his hat, which, of the same material as that of the traveller, and, like his, unadorned by feather or buckle, was of a dull crimson color.

"I don't like the look of that Robin Redhead," the traveller bethought himself. "His eminence wears a scarlet hat; but it has tassels and a broad brim. Who ever saw a peaceable citizen in such a blood-stained-looking *couvre-chef* as that?"

However, he was an open-hearted burgess; and, rising, held out his hand to the stranger, saying, "Welcome, sir and friend!"

To his surprise the man with the Red Hat drew back, as though half-alarmed and half-astonished at this simple act of courtesy, and, instead of reciprocating it, contented himself with making a low bow.

"A very ceremonious personage, upon my word," mused the guest. "Perhaps he is a Huguenot; or, just as likely, a Catholic, and thinks I am a heretic. The spotted fever take all religious differences, say I!" Then, raising his voice, he said, "Sir, I am extremely happy to be able to offer you a share of my supper and—"

"A thousand thanks!" hastily interposed he of the Red Hat. Then diving into the recesses of a pouch at his belt, he produced a handful of silver, and continued, "Take, I entreat you, what I have to pay as my share of the reckoning."

"Sir, sir," protested the traveller, drawing himself up, "do you take me for a niggard curmudgeon who expects a stranger to pay for the meal to which he invites him?"

"Invites! Do you mean to say that you invite me?" faltered the Red Hat.

"Of course I do. I told the landlord so," replied the other.

"Then," responded the Red Hat, with a very peculiar and not very pleasant smile, "I accept your invitation as heartily as it was given. This is the first time in my life that such a thing has happened to me. But the sky has fallen, and we may expect to catch roast larks." And he drew a stool up to the fire and began to bask and hug himself in the genial warmth.

Roast larks failed to come down; but a splendid roast goose just then came up, flanked by a hotchpotch of savory ingredients, and two portly pitchers of wine. The strangely-acquainted friends sat down to table, and did the amplest justice to the edibles and potables; and so delighted did mine host seem with the appetites of his guests, that he insisted upon standing treat in more than one flask of his choicest vintage.

"No doubt, sir," the Red Hat remarked, when the landlord had removed the fragments of the repast, and they were left alone, "that you are as well known as I am in this hostelry. Goodman Aubry waited upon you as though you were a prince."

"Not in the least," replied the burgess, smiling. "But I just sounded my pocket, and he was content with the ring of the little livres Tournois."

His interlocutor smiled grimly, in his turn. "Yes," he pursued, "gold has immense power in every country; still it is far from prudent to show the contents of one's pocket to every body, especially in such a place as this."

The burgess looked at him uneasily.

"Do you mean that there are any pickpockets hereabouts, brother?" he asked.

"Do you mean to say that you are not acquainted with the neighborhood?" returned the other, answering one question by asking another.

"Faith, not I. This is my first visit, and I come from a long distance too. I am from La Rochelle."

"From La Rochelle!" and the Red Hat in his turn regarded his new-found friend with perturbed looks; "what on earth brings you from thence?"

"The force of circumstances, my unlucky star, and his eminence the Cardinal. 'Tis a very long story. I have been specially sent for to wait upon his eminence."

"Unfortunate man!" exclaimed the Red Hat; "what have you to do with him? Have you offended his eminence?"

"Never, to my knowledge," responded the burgess. "As fate would have it, however, I have been accused of doing so; but my complete justification can be neither long nor difficult. You must know that the Rochellois are very troublesome folks; and that evil-speaking, lying, and slandering are far too common there. Some scurvy wag among our citizens has written an anonymous satire against the administration in general, and Monseigneur the Cardinal in particular. Then there has been a talk about Urbain Grandier, about tragedies and verses written by his eminence, about a certain sarabband said to have been danced by him before the queen; a pack of nonsense! Some secret enemy of mine has been good enough to denounce me as the author of these roguish pasquinades—I who never rhymed two lines together in my life. It is a most perverse and treacherous time. To exculpate myself, I referred to a certain worthy monk, Father Joseph, who is said to be honored with the friendship and confidence of his eminence. He was fully convinced of my innocence; and subsequently informed me that Monseigneur would deign to grant me an interview; and here I am, deeply flattered by his eminence's condescension, although I should very much prefer being snug at home in my own house at La Rochelle."

"Humph!" quoted the Red Hat; "for my part I think you would have done much better to have remained at home, and left this fool's errand to take care of itself. Eminences are dangerous personages to have interviews with. But I must be going," he resumed, hastily rising. "Farewell, master of mine! Thanks for your hospitality, and pray Heaven and St. Nicholas that we may never meet again." And so saying the Red Hat abruptly left the room.

"A fool's errand! what can he mean by that?" mused the burgess. "Poor man, he must be cracked. Who but a madman would think of wearing a red hat? However, my little affair will be soon settled—nine o'clock was the hour fixed at which I was to wait upon his eminence. 'Tis not five minutes' walk to the chateau, and then I shall come comfortably home to bed.

Paying his reckoning at the polite request of the host, who hinted that cavaliers who went up to the chateau sometimes found their arrangements for returning at a fixed hour interfered with—a hint which the traveller wholly failed to comprehend—he went out into the night, wrapping his cloak around him to shelter himself from the still falling snow.

He had not proceeded many paces along the sombre avenue of poplars, before he thought that he heard the clinking of sword-blades and some smothered groans. He listened attentively; but a sudden gust of wind came howling about him and drowned the sound of the swords.

"It must have been fancy," he reasoned. "That confounded fellow with the red hat has made me nervous. If I were a coward, I should dream of him to-night."

"Help! murder!" suddenly cried a lamentable voice close to him.

"Courage, we are here!" cried the brave burgess, drawing his sword and summoning up all his presence of mind. "Hold on, we are four of us, well armed! Ah, rascals, would you!" And he rushed forward in the direction whence the cries had come.

His ruse had seemingly succeeded, for in the obscurity he could dimly descry at least three men making off in all haste, and anon he stumbled over a body lying on the ground. The moon came out for a moment through the murk, and he recognized, pale, bleeding, and groaning, the Red Hat. He seemed to be severely wounded. The burgess helped him to rise, but finding him too weak to walk, valorously hoisted him on his shoulders, and, not without difficulty, for the Red Hat weighed heavily, bore him back to the inn of St. Nicholas.

"This pestilent fellow with his red hat," he murmured, as, with the assistance of the landlord, he bore him up stairs and laid him in the bed which had been prepared for quite another purpose, "seems fated to be mixed up with my life. And I shall have to sleep in the arm-chair, forsooth, because he chooses to get waylaid and stabbed."

"Where am I?" faintly whispered the wounded man, when his wounds had been bound up, and he had recovered consciousness.

"Among friends, brother," replied the honest burgess consolingly, as he bathed the temples of the sufferer with vinegar.

"Friends!" repeated the Red Hat bitterly; "I have no friends! Who was at the trouble of saving the life of such a miserable wretch as I am?"

"Well, for the matter of that, 'twas I who picked you out of the mud, and set the rascals to flight who were besetting you. Three to one, the cowardly knaves! How they scampered! And then, you see, I brought you here, kick-a-pack; for walk a step you could not."

"And you—you then are my preserver!" the Red Hat exclaimed in a voice of agony, and pressing the burgess's hand.

"Yes, if you like to call it so. Wouldn't you have done the same for me?"

The innkeeper was down stairs. The wounded man made signs to the burgess to close the door securely, and to come close to the bed-side. Then he put his lips to the burgess's ear, and in a hoarse whisper said,

"Had you not an appointment at nine o'clock this evening with his eminence?"

"Of course I had, and shall get a pretty scolding for being late. But perhaps the existence of a poor devil like me has slipped his eminence's memory?"

"Then," quoth the Red Hat solemnly, "I can give life for life. You have saved mine. I too was bound to wait upon his eminence at nine this night; and I have little doubt that it would have been my dreadful duty to strike your head from your body."

At this appalling intimation the Rochellois, with horror in his countenance, made for the door, thinking the Red Hat to be in a state of delirium; but the other called him back.

"'Tis not I, unfortunate, that thou must fly," he said. "Escape rather from this horrible neighborhood. Listen to what I say. The merciless Cardinal had doubtless condemned you without a hearing; and it would have been my task to execute the sentence; for I—yes I whose hand you have pressed—I whose life you have saved—I who have eaten and drunk with you—I am the most miserable, the most abandoned, the most accursed of mankind. I am the executioner of Chartres."

He paused for a moment, keenly eyeing his companion, who, brave and honest as he was, could not banish from his countenance the expression of repugnance he felt at being on familiar terms with the abhorred headsman.

"You may well shun me," continued the Red Hat, gloomily. "But fate has decreed that we must yet have some further communion before we part for ever. Every time that his eminence has a deed of secret vengeance to consummate, I am summoned to the chateau. At this inn I always alight. The villagers know me and my red hat well, and shudderingly avoid me. They call this inn the House of the Headsman, and sometimes the Devil's Inn."

"I don't wonder at it," muttered the poor Rochellois.

"But fear nothing," continued the Red Hat; "although every thing concurs to point out that you were the person I was sent for to execute, it may be some other victim who awaits my axe. Come, have your horse led forth. I must convey you to a place of safety."

"But you are wounded," urged the Rochellois.

"A mere scratch! with a draught of strong cordial I shall be strong and valid again. Strong enough," he continued, with his ugly smile, "for my work to-night, if work there be. Come, despatch!"

As, with many groans and murmurs, the lately-wounded man arose, and the two left the chamber, they found the innkeeper on the stair-case. He sought to give them the slip, and had evidently been listening to their conversation.

The Red Hat was accustomed to act promptly. He seized the innkeeper by the throat, pinned him up in the angle of the stair, and whispered to him:

"Son of a dog, and nephew of a sow! dare to speak one word concerning our conversation, and I denounce thee to the Cardinal for harboring traitors, and thy neck is not worth an hour's purchase! Swear, issue of a mangy swine!"

The innkeeper, half-terrified out of his wits, swore as he was commanded; but the Red Hat kept his eyes sharply upon him till they were well clear of the Devil's Inn. There was need to employ every precaution; for the lower room was by this time full of a company of arquebusiers, the body-guard of his eminency. The Red Hat watched the commandant of the band draw the host on one side and apparently interrogate him; but his answers seemed perfectly satisfactory; and the two travellers were permitted to depart.

They started at a gallop, and were soon immersed in the forest of Bustard, leading towards the Chateau of Ruel.

Suddenly the Red Hat reined-in his horse, and pointing out to his preserver the gloomy dwelling of the Cardinal, said,

"Mark well that turret in the centre, high up yonder, with the pointed *roof*. Mark well that little arched window with grated bars before it. It can only be seen from the place where we now are. In that turret the dreadful decrees of Richelieu—the sentences from which there is no appeal—are executed. When my bloody task is accomplished, a trap-door opens, and the headless corpse falls a hundred feet into a vault filled with quick-lime. Every trace of the tragedy thus disappears. Remain here for one hour. Keep yourself concealed behind the trunk of this withered elm. If during that hour you see a light glimmering from that arched window, you may assure yourself that I have been summoned not on your account, but on that of some other unhappy victim. In that case you may present yourself without fear before his eminence: for it never happens that I am sent for to ply my hellish trade twice in the same night. *But if during the hour* the light does not appear, you are the destined victim, you are the victim waited for. Clap spurs to your horse, and make the best of your way to the frontier, or you will be captured; and the Lord have mercy on you!"

And so saying, and just interchanging one hearty grip with his friend, the Red Hat rode away. The burgess of La Rochelle never saw him again.

He waited an hour—a year it seemed to him—behind the trunk of the withered elm; *but no light appeared in the little arched window.* He, then, was the wretch condemned to death! With a cold sweat bedewing him, and picturing to himself the arquebusiers of the terrible Cardinal scouring the country in every direction to bind him and lead him to the slaughter, he urged his horse into a gallop, and sped, as though the fiend who was said to be the patron of the inn of St. Nicholas were behind him, in the direction of the northern frontier. He could not quite convince himself that his head was safe upon his shoulders till he found himself, two days afterwards, at Huy in Flanders.

MEMORIES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY B. J. HOWE.

How sweet to muse on by-gone days,
On happy scenes long since departed;
How sweet upon the wanderer's ways
The memory of the faithful hearted!

Those friends and scenes of vanished years
Still often seem to gather 'round us,
Dispelling for a time the fears,
The grief and gloom that since have bound us.

Thus from the bright and joyous past
The present oft a gleam may borrow,
A light o'er ruined hopes to cast,
And cheer the lonely night of sorrow.

Houses of the English in India.

We have here no bells, no door-locks, no carpets, curtains, chimney-pieces, fireplaces, no passages or stairs, no house-door, no servants' hall (though about twenty servants,) no garrets, no gas, no housemaids, laundrymaids, dairymaids, etc., etc. I could give you a still longer list of etceteras; but, lest you should think your correspondent has lapsed into savage life, I must proceed to explain how all these are made up for. Instead of bells, we use our own good voices; and there are so many servants that one is sure to turn up as soon as we call out "Boy!" a well-known sound in Indian houses. "Boy" corresponds to the French *garcon*, and is very probably answered by a "boy" of threescore and ten. Instead of door-locks, there are bolts, and sometimes only hooks and eyes. As the doors do not shut very close with these, it is convenient for letting out the musk-rats, as I found last night in my room. Our feet are too hot already, without carpets: mats do much better. Everything hung on the walls is a refuge for mosquitoes, so curtains are superfluous, except, of course, mosquito curtains, without which we should be eaten up bodily. It would be dreadful to think of a blazing hearth or a warm fireside here; so grates, chimneys, chimney-pieces, and fire-screens are unknown in Bombay. Just look at the plan of the house, and you will see how well one can do without a house-door, remembering that a veranda runs before the house, and there is always a man sitting in it doing nothing, whose duty it is to announce visitors. Instead of passages, the rooms all open into each other and into the veranda. This, like many other good houses here, has no second floor, so there are no stairs. As for housemaids and all sorts of maids, their work is done by various sorts of men; it is very well done too, and not like John, who succeeded so ill in milking Tiny, in the old song. A servants' hall for servants' meals there cannot be, where no two of the servants will mess together: they are of all castes, and live apart, some having their wives on the premises.—*Letter from Bombay.*

The First Verse in the Bible.

This simple sentence denies Atheism—for it assumes the being of God. It denies Polytheism, and, among its various forms, the doctrine of two eternal principles, the one good and the other evil; for it confesses the one eternal Creator. It denies Materialism, for it asserts the creation of matter. It denies Pantheism, for it assumes the existence of God before all things, and apart from them. It denies Fatalism, for it involves the freedom of Eternal Being. It assumes the existence of God, for it is He who, in the beginning, creates. It assumes His eternity, for He is before all things; and as nothing comes from nothing, He himself must have always been. It implies His omnipotence, for He creates the universe of things. It implies His absolute freedom, for He begins a new course of action. It implies His infinite wisdom, for a *kosmos*, an order of matter and mind, can only come from a being of absolute intelligence. It implies His essential goodness, for the sole eternal, almighty, all-wise and all-sufficient Being, has no reason, no motive and no capacity for evil; it presumes Him to be beyond all limit of time and place, as He is before all time and place.—*Prof. Murphy.*

☞ "My son," said a fond parent to his offspring, after having surveyed the wonders of the London Crystal Palace. "My son, if you can tell me which of all these works of men pleased you the most, I will give you half a crown." "The veal and ham pies," responded young hopeful; "give me the money."

☞ *Flowers* are the sweetest things that God ever made and didn't put a soul into.

LAST WORDS.

And have they told you all? Ah yes, I see
At last you know it—know that I must die.
Don't tremble so; but come and sit by me,
And hold my hand, and be as calm as I.
Bend nearer, for my voice is faint and low;
And I would tell you something ere I go.

I've known a long time now that in that heart,
Whose every beat was music to my ear,
I've held the *second* place. Nay, do not start;
I would but tell you—not reproach you, dear.
You loved *her* first; and though with all your will
You strove to conquer it, you love her still.

'Twas hard to bear—to know that she whose whim
Had blighted all the sunshine of your life,
Could make your cheek flush and your eye grow dim
E'en with a word: *I* could not, though your wife.
I struggled hard to win your love; but no!
I could not win it; yet I loved you so.

The hope that lighted up my path so long
Has flickered and died out. I could not live
Without your love; but you did me no wrong—
I could not gain what you had not to give.
Nay, weep not! I am happy now I see
You'll love my memory better far than me.

The strife has been so long, the way so drear,
I feared my patience and my trust in God
Would fail; but now I see the end so near,
'Tis easier far to bow beneath the rod.
The night is nearly o'er; the morn is nigh:
Thank God for taking me! Dear love, good-by!

K.

PILOTS IN PETTICOATS;

OR,

Cutting Out A Contraband.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. M. E. GARNET.

Among the many insignificant rebel "rat-holes" open to illicit trade during the first years of the present rebellion, was Chincoteague, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, midway between the Capes of Delaware and Virginia, and, as everybody very practically geographical knows, nearly as far out of the civilized world as Timbuctoo or Bhering Strait. A desolate, uninviting region is Chincoteague, having a secure, barred harbor for small craft, with intricate channel and dangerous breakers outside, its waters producing the primest oysters to be found along our coast, and its swamps and sand-hills the most contemptible samples of humanity this side of Salt Lake. In a stretch of territory ten miles in width, and twenty in length, skirting the coast, eight-tenths of all the inhabitants, counting men, women and children, with speech enough to whoop for Jeff. Davis, were wool-dyed rebels, and had as little idea of moral honesty as a Hottentot has of housekeeping.

During the oyster season there is always a brisk traffic in bivalves between Chincoteague, New York, and Philadelphia; and as the mass of population all along these inner waters are local oystermen, women, boys and girls, supplying in the main cargoes for the traders, they are, during the business season, mostly flush of cash, and being just as reckless as they are irreligious, they scatter their hard earned dividends most lavishly for such articles of luxury or necessity as happen to take their fancy.

The regular oystermen of New York and Philadelphia, being well posted in this proclivity of the Chincoteaguers, have always made handsome profits on outward cargoes, and as by the time the first year of the war had gone by, these coasting "wide-awakers" had discovered that on account of the Government having several other matters to attend to, the Eastern Shore country of Maryland and Virginia was entirely overlooked, it was the simplest, and almost the easiest thing imaginable to supply Jeff Davis-dom with almost everything contraband, via Chincoteague and across the lower Chesapeake. The trade in oysters increased prodigiously. Not that any more oysters were brought to market, but a good many more ostensible oyster craft were fitted out, several of them by very demonstrative Union merchants in New York and Philadelphia—many of them carrying assorted Chincoteague cargoes, destined to supply suffering "Seceeh" further south.

Among the rebel population of the region, however, there was one staunch, unflinching Union man, and that one was Captain Isaac Brent, for many years commander of a sea-going vessel in the West India trade, but for some time retired, and living with his wife and daughter—both as loyal as himself—very comfortably near the shore of the general anchorage in the harbor of Chincoteague.

Lelia Brent was a dashing, daring young widow, of five years' experience in widowhood—her cousin-husband, Alfred Brent, having been lost at sea in the first year of her wedded life, and Lelia had never cared to make a second matrimonial experiment.

I had made the acquaintance of Lelia Brent previous to her marriage, while with her father at St. Jago de Cuba, and from that time, ever since, we had corresponded regularly. Meeting again during the second summer of the rebellion, at Cape May, Lelia insisted upon my accompanying her home, and remaining with her for a month at least, at her home in Chincoteague. She had also invited four young lady friends—every one of them a sister or daughter of some seafaring acquaintance, and all sufficiently educated in nautical affairs to be able to distinguish a shallop from a seventy-four.

The invitation being accepted by all parties, we took passage for Chincoteague in a little coasting craft, and arrived at our destination after a pleasant passage of fifteen hours.

For two weeks we enjoyed life immensely, in oystering, clamming, boating, and shopping on board of vessels frequently arriving, and having on board goods, some of which were for sale to Chincoteaguers, and more to send express to Southern purchasers.

It was only about the expiration of the second week that we learned the prime object of Lelia Brent in bringing us five Naiads home with her, and when we had learned it, we chided her sharply for so long depriving us of a bit of fun that we voted should be glorious.

The project of Lelia was to seize upon and carry off as a prize one of the most notorious contraband traders in the Chincoteague fleet.

The recent action of our Government, and an explicit order of the department commander, legalized entirely any enterprise of the kind; besides, Captain Brent had received from both War and Navy Departments such authority for the capture or destruction of illegal traders, that not only his daughter, but all acting in concert with her, would be perfectly secure from the charge of piracy on the high seas or the waters of Chincoteague.

Our plans being fully matured, and everything propitious, we were delighted one fine day by a call from Captain Delvin, commander of the schooner we designed cutting out, who invited us to visit his vessel that day, he having, before coming ashore, opened some cases of merchandize, with the contents of which he was sure we should be delighted.

Accepting the invitation, within the half hour we were on board, having gone off in our favorite sail-boat, carrying with us Captain Delvin, who left his own boat on the beach for the accommodation of his owner, a New York merchant, who was on shore arranging with the Chincoteague sympathisers for the transportation across to the waters of the Chesapeake of his contraband cargo.

For an hour or so after our advent on board the schooner, our enterprise was delayed by the presence of a party of natives, eager in the purchase of such articles as fancy craved and purses would afford. But at length, when it was near noon, the last of the Chincoteaguers departed, leaving us with the captain, two idle athletic-looking fellows of his crew lounging on the forecastle, and a half-grown Eastern Shore Guinea of the contraband persuasion, who officiated as cook, steward, and messenger in general.

We were all in the cabin, grouped around the table piled up with tempting finery, and Lelia Brent was standing directly behind Captain Delvin's chair, bending low over his shoulder, intently watching his somewhat awkward manipulations of a box of kid gloves, which he sought to undo the fastenings of for our inspection of the contents.

A favorable position occurred, and—*click!* as quick as thought, there gleamed on the wrists of Captain Delvin a pair of beautiful polished steel "ruffles," entirely incapacitating him from any further efforts to undo the fastening of that package, or of making any effectual resistance. It was a most dextrous exhibition of sleight of hand—that feat of Lelia's.

The captured Captain was not a little surprised; but the climax to his astonishment came, when upon suddenly raising his head, he discovered in close proximity to either ear, the muzzle of a Colt's revolver, Navy pattern, mutely eloquent of the admonition, "You'd better be quiet, Captain!" It was thus he interpreted the situation, and remained passive.

Two of us being detailed to keep watch and ward over our prisoner, Lelia went with the others to secure the two sailors; which they accomplished without the least difficulty, by the mere exhibition of their revolvers, which they had no more idea of using offensively, than they had of leaping overboard in ten fathoms water. But the two sailors, fully believing in the blood-thirsty vindictiveness of those four marine amazons, when the alternative was proposed that they should either bundle themselves ashore at once, or be carried in irons to Philadelphia, and handed over to the United States authorities, elected to leave for land as soon as possible, and only begged for five minutes' time to get up, and into the boat, their own private property, and that of their shipmates who were ashore. This reasonable request being granted, we had, inside of ten minutes, Captain Delvin with his own, and the luggage of the mate, as also the two sailors with their "sea traps," in our own boat along side; all three of the men being securely hand-cuffed.

As for the contraband cook—we happened to remember that we might possibly get hungry before getting our prize into some other port; and so as he was entirely harmless, we decided to retain him in service.

Removing sails and oars from the boat, we cast her adrift, and turned our attention to getting our prize under weigh.

We managed to get the fore and mainsails set very cleverly. Jubal loosed the foretopsail and head sails for us, and we were just beginning to heave in the chain cable with a merry ho—lack—of the iron pauls, when our exercise was suddenly arrested by an outcry from Jubal, who was clearing the cable from abaft the windlass—

"Ki—Yi! Missee Lelia! Now we's gwine ter catch it. Da-ah comes de boat 'longing ter dis vessel, an she got de ownah—Marser Vane, and de mate—de berra debil, dat mate—an two sailor—and dey's all got pistols. Dun, dreckes dey gits Marser Cap'n an two mans, outen dat udder boat, an dey pulls like hosses, an we all git cotched ahn-ah!"

"No, we'll not all get caught either, you essence of charcoal!" sharply responded Lelia Brent; "lay hold there, you young imp, and light the chain round the windlass. Lend a hand here, girls. Never mind delicate hands now—plenty of kid gloves aft to hide chafes and blisters. We must leave our ground tackle here, and the sooner we get rid of it the better."

A hurried glance shoreward, revealed the full extent of the emergency. Scarcely half a mile distant, the schooner's boat came dashing on, urged forward by two pair of brawny arms and favored by the strong breeze blowing directly out of the harbor. In five minutes more she would be up with our own abandoned boat, when Captain Delvin and the two sailors being relieved of their steel wristlets, there would be a double power added to the approaching boat, and our speedy capture seemed a certainty. But Lelia was hopeful, cheerful, and peremptory in her commands, setting us an example by tugging at the heavy chain with all her might.

It is probable that forty-five fathoms of chain-cable was never overhauled round any windlass in quite so short a space as ours was. But our letting go of the bottom was not one moment too soon; for by the time the last link went jingling out through the hawse-pipe, the approaching boat was so near that we could distinctly hear the imprecations and boisterous threats of Vane, the owner of the vessel and cargo, as he stood up in the stern sheets gesticulating madly.

Lelia Brent hurried aft, and whirled the wheel hard to port, while we, assisted by Jubal, run up jib and flying jib at a double quick, and then letting go the foretopsail gear, we sheeted the sail home, and then rounding in on the port braces, we laid the topsail flat aback, when the schooner swinging gracefully round on her heel, filled all her sails and sprang away from the approaching boat like the wild mustang before the prairie fire.

Drawing—each one of us—a long breath of real relief, we waved our handkerchiefs in a parting salute to our discomfited pursuers; and then turned our whole attention to navigating our prize out through that intricate channel.

Any one of the Diadem's crinoline crew was competent to steer a capital "trick" by compass in smooth water; two of us were navigators, and four of the six had all the nautical technicalities at our tongue's ends, and in fair weather, were tolerable abstract sailors. But there was an accomplishment of more importance than all these, that we lacked something of; and that was a thorough knowledge of the passage between the anchorage of Chincoteague and the "deep blue sea." Lelia and I knew the courses and distances generally, and all of us had picked up a smattering of pilotage during our two weeks of boating life; but there were many quirks, crooks, twists and turns of the channel, and a good many sand spits, knolls and bars of which we knew the existence only; nothing of their extent or exact locality.

There was no time now for educating ourselves. We must carry our prize out with such knowledge and tact as we possessed, or failing in that, pile her up on one of the sunken sand-banks and leave her to the tender mercies of the next easterly gale. So we went to stations, to work ship, and sent Jubal to his galley with orders to have ready the best dinner he ever heard of, by the time we were fairly out to sea.

The first reach of the channel was run down most admirably; but Lelia hauled just half a point too much to north around the second buoy, and very soon the Diadem's keel began rasping among the clam-shells on the bottom.

"Port your helm! Hard-a-port there, Captain Brent," cried Kate Kirkland, our self-installed signal quartermaster, from her station at the weather foretopsail brace.

"Meet her with your helm, or you'll go slap on that oyster bank to leeward!" chirped Jenny Liston, a tolerable branch pilot at Sandy Hood, but semi-know-nothing at Chincoteague.

"R—r—ur—rit—bump—bump—Bim!" and the schooner brought up with a crash on a hard sand spit running off S. S. W. from 2d Red buoy. There she rolled, and plunged, and pounded the sand bar, as the big waves tumbling in from outside, lifted and let her fall spitefully. But the breeze was increasing every moment, the flood tide was rushing in rapidly, and in fifteen minutes she went afloat—in thirty, out over the bar into deep water, where if we had only possessed sense enough to have kept her, and nautical science enough to have handled her sailor fashion, we might have brought our prize into the Delaware all staunto, as sailors say, easily enough. But in avoiding Scylla we wrecked ourselves upon Charybdis.

All along the coast from Cape Henlopen are numerous shoals, all, however, being off shore from five to twelve miles, with a safe passage for coasting craft all the way along inside of them.

The breeze, within an hour after we got out of Chincoteague had increased to a smart gale, and like all blue-water sailors, having a wholesome horror of the land in a gale, we got just far enough off it to tangle ourselves in among "Winter Quarter" shoals, Porpoise Banks, Blackfish Banks, and all other sorts of banks and shoals; and although not one among them was so shoal as to bring us up, they were uncomfortable exceedingly. The water breaking furiously over them tossed our ill-managed craft about like an egg-shell, making us dance involuntary reels and hornpipes about decks to the infinite amusement of Jubal, who to every inquiry as to when dinner would be ready, would reply:—

"Why, bress yer heart, Missee! Ise done gone git dis dinner jis soon as please de good Lor tur hold dis wessel still long nuff ter set de table. Dat I is, honey."

Before we had run half the distance down to the Cape we found it necessary to shorten sail. We hauled down the flying-gib, and Jubal furled it for us. Then we managed to reef the main and foresails very cleverly, as that could be done on deck. But then there was that foretopsail. How were we to manage to reef that? Jubal couldn't do it for us, and it couldn't be managed from the deck. A pretty figure we petticoated pilots should cut aloft on a topsail yard, hawling out a weather ear-ring in a gale of wind. A bright idea occurred to Ada Becket, our boatswain, and she gave the order:—

"Let go topsail halyards!" and down came the yard upon the lifts.

"Man the clewlines, buntlines and reeftackles, both sides, and stand by to ease off sheets."

"Ay—aye, *sir!*" But to obey that order "Bristol fashion" required three pair of hands more than we mustered, all told. However the sail was hauled up at length after a fashion; but it made such a thundering slatting and banging there aloft that it frightened us terribly, and we began to devise ways and means for ridding ourselves of the torment.

"Cut away the weather foretopmast backstays!" commanded Quartermaster Kate.

"Ay—aye!" was the ready response; but the question arose—what were we to cut them with?—our scissors? We were not long enough at sea to have learned to carry sheath knives. Ada Becket came to the rescue with a handful of case knives from the cabin, and four of us began sawing frantically at the backstays. A heavy roll of the schooner, and a strong gust seconded our efforts bravely, and over to leeward went foretopmast with all its hamper of spars and rigging, dragging with it the maintopmast also, and twisting off the gib-boom short in the cap. There was a beautiful tangle in the water to leeward of sails, ropes, and spars, the latter thumping and pounding away against the schooner's lee-side as if determined to knock her bottom out. However by dint of sawing with dull case knives, and chopping with the cook's axe, still duller, we managed in an hour or so to cut the wreck adrift and go clear of it.

Just at this juncture a new terror dawned upon us. Up out of the cabin rushed Jubal, his eyes protruding like billiard balls as he addressed Lelia, who still had the wheel:—

"Gors mighty, Missee Lelia—spec I can't set dat ar table, no how!"

"Why—what's the trouble, Jubal?"

"Bress de Lor, Missee! *Trouble* nuff. Dat ar cabin mos half full ob salt water. Spec dis yer craff leakin mighty bad."

That was very probable, for on inspection it was found that at least three ugly holes had been knocked in the vessel's side, and there was very nearly a foot of water over the cabin floor.

In thirty seconds our flag, union down, was flying at the main peak, and something inside of thirty minutes, two boats from the U. S. sloop-of-war Saratoga, were alongside to take us off the wreck.

The officer in command, when he had heard from Lelia Brent an account of our cutting out and subsequent adventures laughed heartily, and then insisted, as we should lose our prize money, that so much of the goods in the cabin as we should choose to appropriate, he would have taken on board the ship subject to our orders.

We passed an exceedingly pleasant night on board the sloop-of-war, and on the following morning were landed at Cape May, with more gloves, gaiters, hosiery, Mosambiques and moire antiques than we should ever have dreamed of purchasing in five years of shopping.

As for the cut out contraband, within an hour after we left her, she was full of water, and having during the night drifted on the *Hen and Chickens* shoal, went to pieces, and on the following morning there were not two planks of her left together.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

"IF SHE UNDERVALUE ME, WHAT CARE I HOW FAIR SHE BE?"

The whole party walked back to the vicarage together, and the task of leading the horse devolved upon Mr. Linley, who disliked doing it, and showed that he disliked doing it.

"I will drive you, Miss Leigh; you will get up, and graciously pilot me, will you not?" he said to Theo, when he had come back over the hedge and joined the group. And Theo had negatived the proposition with more promptitude than politeness. She would have been glad to escape from Frank's society just then, but fresh as her eagerness was, it could not quite conquer her well-established aversion to Mr. Linley.

"It's not worth any one's while to get up in the trap again—distance is nothing; lead the horse, there's a good fellow," Frank interposed, before Linley could press the point again. Then Theo felt a spasm of gratitude towards Mr. Burgoyne, in beautiful unconsciousness of the interposition being the fruit of his fear that Miss Scott might be the one asked next, and that she might go, and leave him to walk home with Theo.

The walk home, short as it was, was a failure, looked at from every point of view. It is always unpleasant to keep step with a fast-stepping horse, and civility compelled them to accommodate their pace to Linley's. Sydney Scott was annoyed at her rural court being broken in upon; it was far more in accordance with her ideas of enjoyment to have two gentlemen in waiting upon herself alone, than to share their attentions with any one, even with her dear friend Theo. Added to which not wholly unnatural feeling, she was mortifyingly conscious that Theo might imagine that there had been design in her (Sydney's) morning's course of conduct. Miss Scott had an intense dislike to being found out in any of those little moves of hers that were made with such winning carelere frankness—such utter absence of thought, apparently. She marked now that Theo appeared slightly downcast, and, with feminine keenness of perception, she read the cause with tolerable clearness: therefore, though she triumphed slightly in her soul, she was also mortified, and, consequently, quiet.

"Things had not gone very far with either girl," Frank Burgoyne told himself. How should they have gone far in the time indeed? Still he was aware that he had shown that in his manner to both which he might not with impunity continue to show to both if he desired to make progress with either. There were two points to be settled, he felt, and settled right quickly too. The first point was, did he desire to "go further" with either one of them? The second, "which of them was it?" It would be hard to decide!

Things had not gone very far with either girl, and they seemed likely to remain where they were during the greater part of that call. Under the influence of the angry glances which Mrs. Vaughan could not refrain from darting at Sydney, that young lady passed from a semi-repentant state into one of defiance. She felt virtuously indignant that her pleasing pastime should be so palpably deemed faulty, and she included Theo in her anger for being the niece of the lady who so harshly regarded it. She pouted and flushed, and looked very bright-eyed and pretty, and talked in a tenderly-mournful undertone to Frank Burgoyne, and altogether aggravated Mrs. Vaughan. She depressed Theo too, and Theo went down to dismal depths in her own estimation for feeling this depression, and Mr. Linley marked that she did so, and deemed it well to give her a counter-irritant in the hopes of stringing her up to the attractive point again.

"I have some old friends of yours staying with me at Lownds, Miss Leigh. Mr. and Mrs. Galton came last night; they'll be delighted to hear that you're in the neighborhood."

"The Galtons here?" she asked. She was obliged to reply to his communication: so she made her effort, and said out her little conventional phrase, without emotion, apparently. But it was only "apparently." In reality there was a dull, numbing pain at her heart; they were drawing around, they were closing in upon her again, those who knew the story of her love and sorrow—worse still, of the brightness of her former hopes, and the blackness of the cloud that had overshadowed them! It was horrible! The light pangs that she had been lately feeling at the fading away of the friendship that might have been love, were as nothing now. She sat there, compelled to keep a fair front before them, to hear what they said, and to hold herself in readiness to answer them, with a sense of being utterly crushed, utterly shamed, utterly (this was the bitterest drop in her cup!) unable to help herself—powerless to be anything but a patient, enduring woman. Mr. Linley saw how entirely his tidings had beaten her down, but he did not bestow much sympathy upon her, for he knew the elasticity of her nature, and was aware that the beating down was a mere temporary affair, and that the rebound would come all in good time. He liked the girl for many things—for her pluck and her pride, and, above all, for her power of holding on to her own opinions. This liking would have merged into something far warmer—it had done, so indeed, but he had repressed it nearly entirely now—had she not betrayed one of those shrinking aversions to him which are not to be surmounted. But, though he liked her, he would not have spared her a single stab that might stir her up to be the bright Theo of old—capable of winning and retaining the taste and heart of this young man, who could thus be made to rival and outshine Harold Firench in all things. "Then, when the match is made, I'll let him know that it was I who brought them together," he thought; and the thought was soothing and agreeable to him to an extraordinary degree. Once before he had robbed Harold Firench of a woman's love, and though he could not do it himself in this instance, he could do it vicariously, he hoped. He decided on throwing Frank and Theo together more than ever. "I'll get them both to Lownds," he said to himself; "Theo will come to Firench's cousin, I'll be bound—women are so infernally foolish and sentimental about such things; and if Miss Sydney stays here and threatens to mar things, I'll tackle her myself—she's more amenable than Theo." In his heart he firmly believed that Theo was the exceptional woman who could resist him, and his belief ought to have been founded on experience, for he "had lived and loved."

Mr. Linley put a stop to those before-mentioned "Undertones" after a time. He appealed to Sydney about a book that she had professed one day at Bretford to have read, and that he felt persuaded she had not read. He put her through a brief catechism concerning it now, held her looks and words securely, though he was powerless to enchain her attention, and by so doing he gave Frank a fair opportunity of addressing Theo, which Frank took sheepishly, for he knew that he had swerved from his manner of yesterday.

"Jolly well those scarlet geraniums look, Miss Leigh," he said, walking to the window that commanded the churchyard; "that bed, I mean, on the near side of that stumpy tomb with a cherub's head sitting on the top of it; the roses are gone though—I'm sorry for that."

"But the dahlias are come, and one can't have everything," Theo replied, going up to his side at the window, and determining to be as she had ever been to him, though his friendship perhaps was a fleeting thing.

"That's the worst of it, one can't have everything; this morning, for instance, we hadn't you at our Arcadian repast—"

"But you had nuts, and they are better," she interrupted. "Oh! I wanted to ask you, do you know the Galtons?"

"No," he answered; then he went on, in almost a whisper,—"She, Mrs. Galton, is *his* cousin, isn't she?"

Then Theo nodded assent, and looked up almost piteously into his eyes, for the manner of his mention of Harold Firench told her plainly that he knew a portion of her story, and she feared that he might even know the whole of it, and, knowing it, deem her all that she deemed herself just now. She remembered the keen gaze he had bestowed upon her that first night of their meeting; she remembered the fear that had assailed her then, the fear that had slept since she had been so much with him, and had come to like him so well. But it returned now, and she felt that its slumbering had been a sort of disloyalty to Harold, for it had been lapped to that slumber by the worst foe the one she loved could have—the man he might possibly injure.

It was very hard to maintain composure from the moment of the resuscitation of this fear, but she was a practical girl to a certain degree, and so she contrived to calm herself into propriety of manner by the reflection that it could do no good to give way at all. Nevertheless, she was glad when the necessity for the strain was over, and the call came to a conclusion.

But Sydney was not glad, and Sydney could not affect gladness. That catechism relating to the unread book had been replied to by her with a stifled impatience that had been marked by Mrs. Vaughan; and, now that the guests were gone, Mrs. Vaughan reprimanded that impatience, and not the impatience alone, but sundry other acts, and looks, and words of Sydney's in a way that young lady did not like at all.

"I must tell you, my dear," she began, "that I had rather you did not go out to meet gentlemen in the roads about the house; it doesn't look well."

"Go out to meet gentlemen! Mrs. Vaughan, I wouldn't do such a thing; I assure you I know perfectly well—"

"So do I, my dear; I know perfectly well that I am only doing my duty as your hostess in telling you of conduct that every right-minded person would disapprove of. I must beg that you won't go out to meet gentlemen in the roads—"

"But I didn't do anything of the kind," Sydney cried hotly.

"You can't deny that you met them in the road, as I say," Mrs. Vaughan rejoined stiffly; "and your manner to Mr. Burgoyne was not what was thought pretty in my young days. Talking in low tones never looks well. Of course you mean well, my dear, it's only ignorance of the ways of the world that makes you commit these little errors."

"Ignorance!" (choking with wrath and surprise.) "You must allow me to correct that statement as to my ignorance of the ways of the world, Mrs. Vaughan. I'm excessively sorry if I have offended you in any way. As I have done it, unfortunately, I had better—"

"There, there, say no more about it," Mrs. Vaughan exclaimed hastily. A row that she could not regulate precisely as she wished was painful to her to the last degree.

Miss Scott appeared willing to show fight, therefore Mrs. Vaughan deemed it well to hoist the white flag, and so she said, "say no more about it."

"I'll go home at once, I'll start this day, this hour," Sydney said to Theo, as soon as they were alone, which they were quickly, for Theo promptly suggested an adjournment to her bed-room when her aunt had finished speaking. "It's only the thought of her being an old woman that kept me quiet, I can tell you, Theo."

"I can only say I'm sorry—I'm very sorry."

"Yes, but there's no balm in that after having been downright insulted by a—a—well, I must call her it—an old bully. What did I do so very bad? Did you see anything wrong in anything I did, or didn't do, or said, or looked?"

"No, nothing wrong, of course not," Theo replied, flushing up, and speaking with extra warmth on account of her lively remembrance of the depression she had felt.

"I couldn't help Mr. Burgoyne being very attentive—now, could I, Theo?"

"No, you couldn't."

"How should I have known that they would want to get out, and get me nuts? I didn't know there were any nuts even. I wonder your aunt doesn't accuse me of getting up that copse for the furtherance of my evil designs upon—which of them is it?"

"Don't think anything more about it. Aunt Libby will have forgotten all about it when we go down, and you'll forget it when you see Mr. Burgoyne the next time."

"Perhaps I shan't see him again—I can't if I go to-day."

"But you won't go to-day, dear," Theo said, quickly and earnestly. "You won't make a mountain of a mole-hill; I'm sure you won't."

"Mr. Burgoyne says he thinks he has seen me before. I told him that mine was not by any means an uncommon face, so perhaps it was only some one like me he had seen."

"Ah!—very likely," Theo replied.

She knew that Sydney would remain and suffer wrath to go by for this time if discreetly suffered to report dialogue.

"*He* said he didn't call it a common face—quite laughed at the notion."

"I don't wonder at that—I mean at his laughing—no, I mean at his saying—"

"He says (and Hargrave has often said it too, so I suppose it's true) that my eyes are just the color of Mary Stuart's."

Sydney cared very little what Theo meant. She interrupted Miss Leigh's attempted elucidation ruthlessly.

"I dare say they are; so many people's eyes seem to be like Mary Stuart's," Theo said wearily.

"Oh! I don't take any sort of stand upon it; they do very well for everyday life. When are we going to Lownds?"

"I don't think there was any day fixed."

"Mr. Burgoyne will be there too. I hope your aunt won't go, for if she does, and he devotes himself to me, I shall have a pleasant time of it. Does Mrs. Galton get herself up well? If we go there to luncheon I shall wear a costume that I had for a luncheon at the ——— barracks the other day. Stop, I'll show it to you; it's violet silk, and a lace mantle lined with the same, and a violet bonnet, and parasol, and gloves. I wish I had had a double row of flat bows on the skirt. It was an awful error not to have them, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Theo said—"awful!" and wondered silently whether she would ever again feel earnestly interested about flat bows. To be capable of experiencing poignant regret about them was a state of beatitude to which she might never more hope to rise, she told herself, but would she ever be interested about them at all, just ever so little?

There had been no day fixed for this going to Lownds, to which Sydney looked forward with hopes that were high. No, happily for Theo, there had been no day fixed as yet, and something might occur to avert the necessity for going at all. If it came to pass that she must go down to the gates of the foe, and expose her head uncovered to the arrows that would surely be flying, then she would go down without a word, and only flinch inside. Still she hoped that that she might not be made to go down. No good thing, nothing more than the tamest maintenance of her present position, could be gained by the pain she must feel and bear quietly did she adventure into the midst of Harold's friends and foes when they all met together. So she hoped that Lownds might lapse from the minds of her aunt and Sydney Scott, and that they might lapse from the minds of those at Lownds.

She had an unconscious ally in Mrs. Galton, who was now the presiding genius at Lowndes. The shooting-box arrangements were very much to her taste, for Mr. Linley had not transported himself thither to be uncomfortable. He was not keen sportsman enough to regard all things as of little worth in a sporting establishment, save the game that might be round it, and the dogs that were to point and set at the same. All things were done decently and in order at Lowndes. Kate found herself lodged luxuriously. It suited Mrs. John Galton to reign, and reign alone, and always give the law; therefore it was that she unconsciously aided and abetted Theo's fervent hopes. She desired not the presence of any other of her own sex who might come and share this empire which was all her own now.

Now Mr. Linley, who marked the majority of things with tolerable clearness, marked very soon this disaffection of Kate's to the proposed introduction of Theo and Sydney to his bachelor quarters. He did not run counter to it openly, for he wished Mrs. Galton to remain; and in that she might be useful to him, he ardently wished her to remain good-tempered. But all the same he resolved that Theo and Sydney should come, and that Kate should invite them affably.

He carried his point on the Sunday morning following Mrs. Galton's arrival at Lowndes—one bright sunny autumnal morning that they had agreed would be far better spent out in the garden than in the Hensley church.

"I will go in the afternoon if you like," Kate had said when her husband asked her if she meant to accompany him. "I will go in the afternoon, because probably it will be dull then, and one may as well be in church as not; but I won't go with this sun shining. I shall get more good by sitting out there and thinking."

"Out there" was on a low garden-chair under a walnut tree, whose boughs reached nearly to the earth on all but one side. There they kept them short and open for the sake of the view that stretched away to Maddington, and there the sunbeams fell profusely now in that golden warmth of theirs that they do occasionally display in red October.

"We have left you all the week for the partridges; it would be a shame for us both to leave you to this morning for the good of our souls," Linley said, in answer to this statement of her intention. "Shall we all sit out there thinking, Galton?"

"I like to go to church once in the day, and after dinner always seems to me—" John Galton began, but Mr. Linley interrupted him by saying:

"Indiscreet after one arrives at years of indigestion; yes, you're right; well, then, we will manage it in this way, you go to church this morning, because you like to go once in the day, and I will stay at home and try to make Mrs. Galton think better of us than she must have been thinking all the week."

So John Galton walked across the fields to the little church at Hensley, and believed in all that he heard, though he did not heed it much on this occasion, for he was just a little sorry that Kate was not there. You see he had grown up with this notion, that there was something after all in these forms and ceremonies, and he wished in all honest sincerity that those who were dear to him should attend to them. It in no way altered his own opinion of her, still he did wish that Kate could "think" on sunny Sunday mornings in church as well as under walnut trees.

Mrs. Galton took a shawl, and a rug, and a book, and a dog, and went and ensconced herself under the tree with the sunbeams at her feet. The book was speedily dropped, for Mr. Linley soon followed her and went down upon the rug where the sunbeams were never shrinking from the light they threw upon that ugliness on which men said he presumed.

"What a good fellow Galton is," he began; "he has all the qualities and all the qualifications that both men and women like."

"He can ride straight to hounds, and hit a bird if he aims at it," she replied laughing.

"Women—and men too—like a fellow who can ride and tell the truth without swerving," he answered.

"There is an impression abroad that we weak-minded women 'go in,' as you call it in your slang, for the athletic," she rejoined.

"And don't we honor you by giving credence to such an impression? Isn't it better to be able to ride straight at any hedge, moral or physical, than to tell in glowing language how another fellow does it?"

"No, I don't think that it is better," (she remembered how well he did these things in print himself, how game he was in the hunting-field, and how prompt to resent everything, or nothing, in post octavo)—"no, I don't think it better, Mr. Linley." Then she recalled to her mind how Beelzebub had won, and how that winning had been brought about, and she felt that she would have flown at higher game had higher things been shown her. "Better!" she went on, rather sadly, "no, the one who simply tells about them in type cannot talk of them eternally as those can who really do them,—were you under the impression that I was quite contented with ranking with, but after, the horse and dog and gun?"

"I was under the impression that you were a very clever woman, and I am under it still," he replied, picking a walnut as he spoke, and endeavoring to get it away from its husk without staining his fingers, "you are, with much tact and talent, to say nothing of kindness, trying to make me feel that you don't look upon me as quite an inferior creature to your husband, the man who rode into your affections one day in a not long past memorable Newmarket year. Of course you feel a certain degree of pride in him, you must, whenever you compare him with your cousin Ffrench for instance. It's enough to make any man blush for the possession of brains when he reflects on the use Ffrench has made of his; with such opportunities as he has had too—such marvellous opportunities!"

"Harold is full of transcendental nonsense that makes one rejoice in not being bound to stand or fall with him," she replied; "but as to the pride I feel in my husband's achievements in the field—well, the less said about it the better."

Mr. Linley had always thought her a very pretty woman before this morning, very pretty and rather affected. The affectation he had condoned, for it had been displayed for the purpose of pleasing him, and as is usually the case under such circumstances it had pleased him though he had seen through it. But this morning she looked less pretty than she was wont to look, and there was a certain fractiousness in her manner that he liked less than the normal affectation. She had not stayed away from church for the purpose of hearing her husband's praises intoned, nor, though she regarded Linley favorably enough now, did she quite like her idol of the old days disparaged. He may have fallen from his pedestal, that aforesaid idol, but to hear aught detrimental to him is disgusting to the last degree to the woman who placed him there, unless she can charge the utterance of these detrimental speeches to jealousy, when she can bear it better.

But vain as Kate was, she could not charge them to jealousy in this instance, at any rate, not to jealousy about herself. She felt that there was a certain element of truth in what Linley had said of Harold Ffrench, and that it was his thorough and conscientious opinion that Ffrench had made a poor use of such good things as nature and education had given him. So fully was she impressed with this belief that she resolved to abstain from giving Linley to understand that Harold had been her slave in the past. As Linley did not believe in him her triumph would be small, therefore she was compelled to fall back upon vague statements of the "influence she had had through no efforts of her own over a mighty mind—an influence that had been so thrillingly acknowledged that it had rather spoiled her for the sober happiness and the calm appreciation of her merits which she had afterwards gained by her marriage with Mr. Galton."

It was very hard to come down to this tame theme. Hers was all a cousin's love for Harold Ffrench now—nothing more, nothing warmer; but as she had liked him well, as she had gloried in the halo his supposed gigantic intellect had thrown over their attachment, it was not agreeable to wake to the cold truth, and hear that there had been nothing particular to glory in, in the dispassionate tones of the man who now had the power to sway her mentally.

After the bells of all the neighboring churches had ceased tolling, and that strange lull had come over the air which can only be found in perfection in a country locality, they heard footsteps crossing the lawn that intervened between the house and themselves, and Kate gave a quick gesture of annoyance and cried, "It's John." A moment more showed them her mistake, for through the opening where the boughs were short, over the sunbeams that lay down (like Linley) at her feet, came Frank Burgoyne.

"I made sure I should find you at home, Linley," he began, raising his hat to the lady, and in his eyes she read that he had made sure also that he should find Linley alone. "He's too young for me to care to make amends to him for his disappointment," she thought, as she looked lazily up at him, and told him how such a morning as this was a poem, and how Mr. Linley and herself had decided on reading it in preference to going to church at Hensley. Frank Burgoyne almost felt as though he had interrupted the reading; strange sensations of being unwanted, unwelcome, set in. His annoyance at finding the lady there when he had come to talk privately to Linley faded away before his annoyance at finding the lady was far from well pleased to see him.

"Cannot the poem go on?" he asked. "I trust my advent has not spoiled the rhythm; the fact is, Linley, I wanted to ask you," he went on, hurriedly, "if any day was fixed after all of the Hensley people to come here? I promised to come with my aunt, Miss Ethel, when they came, and she wouldn't like me to make any other arrangements that would interfere with that appointment."

"There was no day fixed; I left that to Mrs. Galton, who I believe is going to be kind enough to call and give the invitation in person to-morrow," Linley replied, looking at Mrs. Galton as if he had not known such had not been her intention a minute ago.

"Of course I will do your bidding, as you compel me to act as hostess while I am here; but a family party?—*All* the people out of a country rectory, to be asked, does sound very awful; do you mean that they're to be asked to dinner?"

"That by-and-by," her host rejoined, "we'll invite them to luncheon first, a sort of preliminary canter before we run that race of intimacy which people are compelled to run in the country if they would avoid dying of themselves."

"Then to-morrow I am to commence my pilgrimage along that interminable vista of entertainment that I see looming before me? I'm to ask them to luncheon, to say something to that very demure young lady, Miss Theo, about her being good enough to come and relieve my solitude? I shall never die of myself, Linley, believe me, I don't get bored alone; but with a family party on my hands for hours perhaps—" She paused and shrugged her shoulder, but did not specify what might be expected to happen.

"You heard Mr. Burgoyne say that he was coming with Miss Ethel?"

"Ah! forgive me, so he did say it; it won't be quite a family party, then, if Miss Burgoyne can stand it?"

"I count for nothing, I perceive," Frank said, and he tried to say it as if the counting for nothing was a great joke, which he relished very much, but he did not quite succeed.

"You! why, you will be out with my husband and Mr. Linley," she said, glancing carelessly at him.

"I can't carry a gun, yet," he replied.

"To say nothing of Linley not having the slightest intention of leaving you to bear the burden and heat of the day alone, Mrs. Galton; we shall have had plenty of sport before one, and we will lunch at two—at two on Tuesday, Burgoyne,—will that meet your views?"

"Yes, perfectly," Frank answered. He wished that Mrs. Galton would look up and betray a little interest in whether it met his views or not, he was not accustomed to be utterly disregarded by women in this way, for Kate's was a genuine disregard very different from the one Sydney had got up at first. But Mrs. Galton did not look up and betray interest in him, or his coming or his staying away. Mrs. Galton evidently looked upon him as very young indeed, far too young to disturb herself about. This was a manner of looking upon him that was eminently distasteful to him, for he had no tenderness for his youth, he never cared to see it brought to the fore.

"She's a lovely woman, lovely," he thought, as he walked slowly back to Maddington; "that sort of nonchalance which she assumes is disgustingly out of place, though. By Jove! the devil's in it if I am to be taught that my existence is very immaterial by a woman of that rank." He reminded himself more than once of how far superior a cast of character both Theo and Sydney were, how much better bred they were, and how much more they thought of him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rapid Growth of the West.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, writing from Quincy, Ill., thus alludes to the comparatively prosperous condition and rapid growth of the West:

It would astonish you in New England to see how flourishing and progressive the West is. The high prices paid for products have liquidated mortgages and liabilities all over the West. Population is pressing into all our towns and cities. Illinois is crowded with men, and young and middle-aged men, too.

The state is required to furnish as many troops as Ohio, under the last call, and in 1870 our population cannot be less than three millions. The West will be the centre of political power, and it is wise for the Eastern states to adjust themselves gracefully to the contingencies of the future, and realize the fact that the mission of New England consists rather in educating and training people for the great valley of the Mississippi. New England will not always be the workshop of the nation, but it may always be the university of the people.

The winter on the Mississippi, in the region of Quincy, has been charming and beautiful, no snow, no intensely cold weather—weeks and weeks of sunny days have made the winter very pleasant in the West. Emigration to the West is on the march now. Trains are freighted down with passengers seeking new homes in Missouri. People from every state in the Union are passing through the city of Quincy, lured by the prospect of cheap and fertile lands across the river. The old Southern and rebel population, disfranchised and conquered, seeks a home in regions more West, to hide its shame and chagrin.

A DEVOTED BRAKEMAN.—The Berlin journals relate the following incident, which has just taken place in Prussia:—A pointsman was at the junction of two lines of railway, his lever in hand, for a train was signalled. The engines were within a few seconds of reaching the embankment, when the man, on turning his head, perceived his little boy playing on the rails of the line the train was to pass over. With a heroic devotion to his duty, the unfortunate man adopted a sublime resolution. "Lie down!" he shouted to his child, but as to himself he remained at his post. The train passed along on its way, and the lives of one hundred passengers were perhaps saved. But the poor child! The father rushed forward expecting to pick up only a corpse; but what was his joy on finding that the boy had at once obeyed his order. He had lain down, and the whole train had passed over him without injury. The next day the king sent for the man, and attached to his breast the medal for civil courage.

☞ When Bragg was in Augusta, Georgia, Jeff. Davis telegraphed to him—according to the Chronicle—"to hold the state at all hazards, stop up the roads, destroy supplies, and crush Sherman." At the close of the dispatch, the strange phenomenon of an idea seemed to strike him, and he asked: "What is your available force for this purpose?" To which Gen. Bragg promptly replied: "Fire proclamations and one brigade."

☞ "I advise everybody to keep cool and take it philosophical," said a recent railroad traveller, who was calmly smoking a cigar, at ten o'clock in the evening, "I have been on the go since the 28th of December, and I hain't made but two connections in all that time. Might as well be cool about it. Here's this Central Road. Out of sixty locomotives, forty of 'em is in the shop. Two smashed up this morning at Utiky. Better take it philosophical."

☞ A member of the Arkansas Legislature, in a debate on the question of a restoration of the Union, made a speech in favor of it, which he concluded by saying that "it would change the barren hills into fruitful valleys."

The Siamese Twins.

The Siamese Twins have been lost from public view for the last few years. It was well known of them that they had married two sisters, and settled down near Salisbury, in North Carolina, on a well-stocked plantation. In addition to this, they have ample funds invested through their agent in New York. Through a North Carolina medical gentleman now within our lines, we had the other day an opportunity of minute and full particulars in regard to them. Ever since the war began they have continued to reside on their plantation, and lived in the same quiet and harmony as ever until within two years. Of course no one ever thought of drafting *them*, and their negroes prospered, except that when out of temper from any cause, it was apt to work itself off in striking the first one that came to hand, from which the best escape was to keep out of the way. The brothers probably never would have had any difficulty, but that their wives, though sisters, turned away their hearts, and children were the cause of this estrangement.

Up to the period that each had five children, all prospered well enough, but one of them had a sixth, and this awoke envy and jealousy to such a degree that the two sisters, not being bound together like the twin brothers, would no longer live under the same roof, though, we believe, still in different houses on the same plantation. The brothers are now, it seems, about fifty years of age; but one, we believe—the smaller and feebler of the two—looks, it is said, now fully ten years older than the other. They can turn back to back or face to face, but that is as far as the remarkable bond that unites them permits. It is almost certain that should either die the other could not survive even for more than a few minutes, as there is an artery as large as the femoral artery that connects them.

A few years since they corresponded with some of the leading surgical operators in London, as to the possibility of the umbilicus which unites them being cut, so that in case of the death of the one the other might be saved. At the request of the London surgeon, they visited that city, and many experiments were tried to determine the safety of such an operation. Among other things, a ligature was tied firmly for a few minutes round the connection between them, so as to prevent the circulation of blood through the artery. But it seemed as if each would expire if this were longer persisted in.

The smaller of the two fainted away, and lost all consciousness, and there were symptoms that the same effect would follow to the other, but that the process could not be continued long enough without endangering the life of him who was first to faint. Should the smaller and feebler die, it might be worth while making the experiment of operating, but the prospects of prolonging the life of the other would be very small. Should, however, the larger and more healthy of the twin brothers die, there would seem absolutely no hope of saving the feebler of the two.

From all this it is evident, that though the connection between these two brothers is very remarkable and perfectly unique, it is yet not so absolute as has been usually supposed. In the American Cyclopædia, for instance, it is said that "their respiration and circulation are generally synchonus in the calm state, and their hours of sleeping and waking, their joys and sorrows, anger and pain, ideas and desires, are the same. They realize the idea of perfect friendship, the two being one, and each one two in thought and act." As to *ideas* being the same, this is by no means more necessarily so than their similar education and habits would occasion. Each one can hold conversation with a different person at the same time. One does not necessarily know, therefore, what may be communicated to the other, although their feelings and passions are generally similar, owing to the same causes operating upon both. Even this is not necessarily the case, especially, we suppose, as to the degrees of feeling. Since the breaking out of the rebellion, they have both dressed in the Confederate gray, and they are both members of the same church, having united with a small Baptist church in their neighborhood, of which they have been considered as very worthy members, though born Siamese.—*Public Ledger.*

☞ The cloak of religion is to be known sometimes by the *fine nap* it has during sermon time.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market continues unsettled and drooping. 7,000 bbls Flour have been disposed of, at $8.50@9,25 for superfine, $10@10,50 for extras, and $10.75@12,50 for extra family and fancy brands. Rye Flour is selling at $8,25@8,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal—Sales of Pennsylvania at $7,75.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has fallen off. 15,000 bushels have been disposed of at $2,35@2,50 for reds, $2,55@2,65 for white. Rye is selling at $1.72@1.75. Corn—20,000 bushels found buyers at $1.36@1.54 for yellow. Oats—About 40,000 bushels sold at 80c@97c.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing in barrelled Meats, and Mess Pork is dull at $35@38. Beef is quiet at $18@24 for country and city Mess. Beef Hams are selling at $28@29 ₱ bbl for good brands. Of Bacon the stock is light, sales at 20@24c for plain and fancy Hams, and 20@21 for Shoulders. Green Meats—Sales pickled Hams at 20@21c, and Shoulders in salt at 15@18½c. Lard—Sales at 22@23c for bbls and tcs, and 26@27c for kegs. Butter—We quote at 20@35 for packed and roll. Cheese is selling at 20@25c. Eggs are selling at 22@23c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market is dull. Sales 180 bales at 60 to 80c for low and good middling quality.

BARK—There is little or no inquiry for Quercitron; sales 1st No 1 at $36@37 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales at 65@66c ₱ lb.

COAL.—There is a good demand at $6,75@9,25 ₱ ton on board at Richmond.

FEATHERS quiet at 70@75c ₱ lb for Western.

FRUIT—The demand is less active, and prices steady at 13@16c for Dried Apples; 27@30c for unpared Peaches, and 37@40c ₱ lb for pared do. Green Apples continue high.

HAY is steady at $30 ₱ ton.

HOPS move off at 30@35c ₱ lb.

IRON—There is little or nothing doing. Sales Pig Metal at $40@45 for Forge, and $48@58 for Foundry.

MOLASSES—The market is much lower; sales of clayed Cuba at 55@56c.

OILS—Sales Petroleum at 35@37c for crude, 60@65c for refined, in bond, and 90@95c for free Oil.

PLASTER is quiet at $3@3½ ₱ ton.

SEEDS are unsettled and lower; sales of 2500 bus Cloverseed at $16@17 ₱ bus; Timothy is selling at $5½@6 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is quoted at $2,40@2,45. Whisky—Sales of bbls at $2,25@2,27, and hhds at $2,25@2,27.

SUGARS are unsettled and lower.

TALLOW—Sales at 13½@14c ₱ lb.

WOOL—The market is unsettled; sales of 150,000 lbs at 80@95c for mixed to fine Western fleece, 50@57c for unwashed do and $1@1,13 for tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized from $10 to 19,00 ₱ 100 lbs. 3000 Hogs at from $18,00 to 21,00 ₱ 100 lbs. Sheep—4,00 head were disposed of at from 10 to 12 cts ₱ lb. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 50 ₱ head.

Horrible.

The most horrible death overtook Godfrey Schultz on his way to Warren, Pa., a few days ago. A collision took place, and grasping his carpet-bag, he tried to make his escape from the car in which he was riding. Just then the baggage-car came rushing in through the car, and before he could release himself, he was jammed in between two seats. The stove was upset, and in a moment the car was in flames. Every effort was made to release him from his perilous position, but without avail. He cried in his agony to those who were near him not to let him perish, but they were powerless. Large quantities of snow were thrown in through the window of the burning car, and with desperate energy he stooped down, gathered it with his hands, and piled it to his face and body. One man worked his way to the car, but could not reach the helpless victim, and was got out with great difficulty, after having been badly burned. But the merciless flames continued to wrap the unfortunate man in their folds, and for twenty minutes he was clothed in fire before the soul deserted the veriest cinder of a body. He was a man of great strength and vitality, and his suffering no pen can adequately describe.

☞ The streets in Venice are 5 feet wide. The broadest, the "Mercoria," is 14 feet wide.

JARED'S "EMAIL DE PARIS" for imparting beauty and freshness to the complexion. The most sensitive and refining lady may use the exquisite "Email" without hesitancy. L'Email is especially endorsed by Mlle. Ventvali, Lucille Western, Mrs. D. P. Bowers and many other ladies of beauty and talent. Sold by all Druggists, Perfumers, and Ladies' Hair Dressers. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENE, Philada., Pa. mar11-3m

SABER CUTS, GUNSHOT WOUNDS, and all other kinds of wounds, also Sores, Ulcers and Scurvy, heal safely and quickly under the soothing influence of HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT. It heals to the bone, so that the wound never opens again. Soldiers, supply yourselves. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 60 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.
HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 6th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

COX'S TONIC ELIXIR is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, SAMUEL C. HART, No. 24 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,13. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

FITS! FITS! FITS!
Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for
CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.
Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 118 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $24. feb25-sow10t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. THOMAS J. MASTON, of the 213th regt. Pa. Vols., to Miss ANN E. MOORE, of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. G. D. Boardman, Mr. CHRISTOPHER SMITH, Jr., to Miss AMY MILES, both of Frankford, Pa.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, HARRISON J. TRYON to Miss EMELINE WARD, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. HENRY PEARSON to Miss MARY JANE HARRISON.

On the 12th of Sept., by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, FRANCIS H. SHEPHERD to AGNES S. WILLIAMSON, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. WILLIAM H. LAINE to Miss ELLEN PATTIER.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. WILLIAM N. MCKOY to Miss EMMA M. WISER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Andersonville, Ga., August, 1864, of chronic diarrhœa, Mr. ROBERT PRICE, in the 40th year of his age. He was a member of Co. E, 118th P. V., and was taken prisoner by the rebels, May 15th, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H.

On the 7th instant, of a wound received on the 4th, by the hands of an assassin, at Louisville, Ky., JACOB W. SOMERLIEH, of Co. K, 20th Pa. Vols., son of Wm. and Catherine Somerdike, in his 21st year.

It was but yesterday since he was with us in all the joy and health and pride of life; happy himself, and the centre of a happy circle of friends.

Brave, true, and tender heart, farewell. Forever farewell! And yet not *forever!* There is another and a happier land of peace and love, where dear friends who are torn asunder here shall meet to part no more.

On the 13th instant, Mr. ALEXANDER HASLET, in his 81st year.

On the 13th instant, Mr. HENRY MEYER, in his 83d year.

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MUTUAL OIL COMPANY

OF

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 25 CTS. PER SHARE.

PAR VALUE, $1,00.

75,000 SHARES RESERVED FOR A WORKING CAPITAL.

Real property, and not merely leases on others' property.

1142 ACRES IN FEE.

Our plan differs from all other organizations, inasmuch as that every person who subscribes enters the Company on the "Ground Floor," or, in other words, becomes a purchaser of the property and shares all the profits. Therefore, in order that all may be enabled to participate, it has been deemed advisable to issue the stock at the remarkably low price of

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER SHARE.

Thereby enabling persons of limited means to secure an interest at a small cost, and with prospect of speedy and handsome return.

There is no reason why the stock should not be worth $1 per share in a very short time.

The property consists of 1142 acres of land, in *fee*, and a lease of 7 acres on the celebrated Maple Farm.

No. 1.—A lease of 7½ acres on the well-known oil producing Maple Farm, on Dunkard Creek, Greene Co., Pa. This land is surrounded by producing wells, and within half a mile of it over 30 wells are now producing and being sunk. The peculiarity of this territory is that no well has been sunk in it without success.

No. 2.—Consists of 70 acres, in fee, fronting on the Monongahela River, only 6 miles from the famous Maple Farm, of Greene county, Pa. Salt licks on the property, and burning springs on its river front have long been known. Its location and service indications would sufficiently guarantee its excellence. A New York Company is now sinking a well within ten rods of it.

No. 3.—Consists of 870 acres, in fee, on Muddy Creek, a branch of the Cheat River, in Preston county, West Virginia. The territory in this region is being fast developed, and is looked upon as one of the best oil regions in the State.

No. 4.—Consists of 200 acres, in fee, with a frontage of over a mile on Cheat River, Preston county, West Virginia. Wells are being sunk within a short distance of the property, and lands in this region are held at fabulous prices.

The mutual basis upon which this Company is formed, and the character of its interests, should commend it to those about investing in oil companies.

Examine our assets, and after carefully comparing them with any others offered to you, judge for yourself and act accordingly.

Books of Subscription will be opened on MONDAY, the 13th instant, at the Company's Office, No. 332 WALNUT Street. H. DANIELS, Secretary.

mar25-2t

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HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$66
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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25 Cents Per Share for Full Paid Stock.

Capital, 500,000 Shares, at $1 Par Value.

Working Capital, 100,000 Shares, or $25,000.

This Company is organized on the plan called the "*Ground Floor*," for each subscriber to the stock becomes a purchaser of the property at cost, shares all the profits, and is therefore enabled to procure the stock, *fully paid*, at

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER SHARE.

The assets of this Company consist of fifty-three acres of land held in *fee simple* in the heart of the best Oil Avenue in Pennsylvania, where heavy lubricating Oil has been found. Three leases on the celebrated *Ashland Company's Land*, in Sugar Creek Township, Venango County; and one lease on the *Philadelphia Mutual Company's Land*, on Cherry Tree Run, with one-half the Oil of all of said leased premises.

All the property of this Company is located directly among the best developing territory of heavy Oil, and easy of access to market.

There is room on the lands owned in *fee simple*, and that under lease held by the Company, for two hundred wells at least, that, in working for the Oil, will not interfere with each other.

Our assets, when you examine them, will satisfy you of the fact, that many companies organized and working, whose subscription price ranged from $1,50 to $2,50, are not as good as this on the "*ground floor*," at 25 cents per share.

Tract No. 1—Is situate in Sugar Creek Township, Venango County, about half a mile from the Sugar Creek Well, and contains twenty acres of land in *fee simple*. This property lies on a branch of Sugar Creek, which is considered the very heart of the *best Lubricating Oil* in the District of Pennsylvania. It is not over one mile from French Creek, and two miles from the Alleghany River. The properties of the Sugar Creek, Junction, Sugar Dale, and McElrath Oil Companies are within a mile of this tract, and the success of these companies is a guarantee of the success of developing this property, which the Company intend to do at once.

Tract No. 2—Is situate on West Oil Creek, in Oil Creek Township, Crawford County, and contains eight acres of land in *fee simple*. This tract is above the Watson Flats, where there are a number of wells producing largely, and is about two and a half miles above Titusville, is *all bottom land*, and surrounded by Oil developments.

Tract No. 3—Is situated on Trout Run, a branch of Sugar Creek, near the Clay and Trout Run Oil and Mining Company, and is considered an A No. 1 location, and contains twenty-five acres of land in *fee simple*.

All of the above tracts have been selected with care, the titles undoubted, and free and clear of all incumbrances whatsoever.

Tract No. 4—Is a lease on the left branch of Patchell Run, between the Allegheny River and French Creek, directly in the centre of the two Oil Avenues that now run through Venango County, and about one mile from the Sugar Creek Well, now yielding about seventy barrels per day.

Tract No. 5—Is a lease near the above, and equally as good and eligible.

Tract No. 6—Is a lease near the above, and about half a mile from the new well just struck of about thirty-five barrels per day; and the Company intend to push the development of the above without delay, being where heavy lubricating Oil is found of the best quality, and located on the land of the *Ashland Petroleum Company*.

Tract No. 7—Is a lease on Cherry Tree Run, in Venango County, about three-quarters of a mile from the town of Cherry Tree. There has been a one hundred barrel well struck on this Run, about half a mile from this property. The Big Tank Company's land is close to this property, upon which there is now a well sold to yield one hundred and thirty barrels per day, six wells going down, and several more will be commenced within sixty days. Wells are going down above and below this property, with fine show of Oil. This tract is not over one and a half miles from the Egbert Farm, upon which are the celebrated Maple Shade, Jersey, and Coquette Wells, all of which have produced over five hundred barrels per day, and are now yielding from two hundred and fifty to five hundred barrels. The Directors intend to do their best in pushing the full development of the lands and affairs of the Company, so as to make this an A No. 1 Stock Company for all interested.

Examine for yourself, and act accordingly.

Books of subscription will be opened on Monday next, March 20th, for the sale of a limited number of shares, at the

Office of the Company, 128 S. Sixth St.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT,

SAMUEL W. WRAY.

TREASURER,

PETER W. RUMBLE.

SECRETARY,

WILLIAM L. KITE.

N. B.—J. ALEXANDER SIMPSON, the President of the Ashland Petroleum Company, has consented to serve as our *Solicitor*, and ISRAEL R. DEACON, the Secretary, as one of the *Board of Directors*.

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Temporary Office, No. 602 Chestnut St.

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The Company own in fee simple One Hundred Acres of fine boring territory, in the centre of the celebrated Mecca Lubricating Oil District, in Trumbull County, Ohio, consisting of a good, well improved farm; surrounded by producing wells of the Mecca Oil Company, of this city, the Boston Lubricating Oil Company, and others, producing severally from two to eight barrels per day each.

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The depth of the oil wells in Mecca ranges from *fifty to seventy-five feet*, so that a *large number of wells* can be sunk *at no greater cost than one well in Venango County and other oil districts*; though within a few weeks oil has been found in the Mecca district at eight hundred feet, indicating that *there will yet be large flowing wells* in this section of Ohio.

When the stock is all taken, a meeting will be called, officers elected, and measures taken for the full development of the property.

Subscription Books will be open on WEDNESDAY, the 15th instant, from 10 o'clock A. M., until 3 o'clock P. M., and continue open until SATURDAY, the 18th instant, at the same hours, at

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The beautiful art of curling straight hair, as discovered by Professor Robb, will be sent FREE in his *Journal of Beauty*, which will teach all how to curl their hair in soft, beautiful, luxuriant, massive curls. Address, with *stamp*,

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mar11-3t Parkman, Ohio.

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False lights are extinguished when a GREAT TRUTH shines forth, and the *incontestible fact* that the hair turns from gray, red or sandy to a glorious black or brown,

QUICKER THAN THE CHAMELION

changes its hues, under the operation of

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

Is now known throughout the American continent. It is harmless, contains no caustic, improves the fibres, produces a rich, natural and lasting color of any shade from a warm brown to a glossy sable, and is endorsed by the most eminent analytic chemists in the United States.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $2 per box, according to size.

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Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

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THE FRANKLIN SAVING FUND,

No. 136 South Fourth St., Below Chestnut,

Pays five per cent. Interest on Deposits. Agents for the sale of United States 7 3-10 Loans at Par. Government, State and City Loans and Stocks bought and sold for depositors and others on Commission.

mar18-3m

GOLDEN RULE

OIL AND MINING COMPANY.

TEN CENTS PER SHARE.

FULL PAID.

CAPITAL - - - $300,000.

600,000 SHARES.

PAR VALUE 50 CTS.

Working Capital $15,000, or 150,000 Shares.

215,000 SHARES ALREADY ENGAGED.

This Company owns in fee simple one hundred and seventy-five acres (176) of land. It is situated on both sides of Horse Shoe Run, about two miles from the town of West Union, Preston County, West Virginia, and about four miles from Cheat River, which is navigable. It was chosen for its strong surface indications of oil, and from its close proximity to the "Glade," which has been known as "Oil Glade" long before rock oil came into general use.

On the adjoining farm, the owner, seven years since, in endeavoring to strike a vein of coal, of which a heavy vein is known to underlie this tract, at the depth of thirty feet, struck oil, but not knowing the character or value, made no further developments. On the Run, which passes through this property, the indications of oil are strongly marked, not only from the peculiar upheaval and dip, or lay of the sandstone rock, and intervening beds of shale, incident to all sure oil bearing lands, but also from the ocular demonstrations of it upon the surface of the water. It has been, and is, the custom of the fishermen of the neighborhood to light their fagots at night by setting fire to the oil floating upon the water.

Salt works have been abandoned in consequence of the oil interfering with the manufactory of the same. The large proportion of bottom land on this tract, viz.: eighty (80) acres, gives it great advantage over most tracts of this size, as there is ample room for boring one hundred and sixty (160) wells. A number of leases may be made, paying a good royalty, without any expense to the Company. It is well to remember that in this locality oil has been struck in paying quantities at a depth of from thirty (30) to one hundred and fifty (150) feet. A competent superintendent has been engaged. Two engines, with all the necessary machinery, will be forwarded at once, and the work vigorously pushed forward.

One ten (10) barrel well will pay one hundred per cent. on the investment, and it is confidently expected that oil will be struck in large quantities, and that the stock will rise to par soon after it is all taken. It is a noted fact that the famous Lewellyn and Eternal Centre Wells of West Virginia flowed, the former fourteen hundred (1,400), and the latter six hundred (600) barrels per day, and there is no reason why we cannot expect to be as successful in our operations. Five Companies, two Baltimore, two Philadelphia, and one New York, have already commenced operations in the vicinity of the "Golden Rule Company," one of which has already struck Oil.

The object in making this a Ten Cent Company is to enable every one to enjoy the profits, and not as most Oil Companies do, permit the originators to make large fortunes.

The title sufficiently explains our intentions.

"THE GOLDEN RULE."

"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

Subscription books will be opened at the Office of the Company,

No. 619 WALNUT Street, Room No. 23,

On MONDAY, MARCH 20,

From 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., and from 7 to 9 P. M., daily, until further notice.

WILLIAM H. WOLFF, President.

W. H. CRAWLEY, Secretary and Treasurer. 1t

ORA, THE LOST WIFE.

This powerful novel, by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, is now for sale by booksellers generally. We call attention to the following notices:

From the New York Evening Post.

"The author, who, as it appears by the dedication, is a lady, possesses one of the qualities necessary to the success of a novelist, in a high degree; that is to say, the power of interesting the reader and inspiring him with an increasing curiosity to learn the issue of the series of embarrassments with which she surrounds the heroine of her story. On the plot of this single narration, she has lavished enough of incident to serve a writer of ordinary frugality for three or four novels, such as form the staple of circulating libraries. The reader has hardly time to criticise the probability of one interesting situation, before he is hurried on to another. Along with this facility of invention, there is great pathos in the tenderer scenes. The heroine, the Lost Wife, is a beautiful, accomplished and heroic young woman, with many admirable traits of character, but betrayed by her pride into errors which are the source of great misfortunes. Her character is drawn with much skill and power. Perhaps it is a defect in the work, that she is made so little conscious of her own errors, but it is a work of much talent and no little promise."

From Godey's Lady's Book.

ORA, THE LOST WIFE.—This is a very extraordinary novel for its power and its pathos. There are some scenes in it that we think cannot be excelled. The character of the heroine is well drawn, and apparently from life. The scene of the death of little Ada is perfectly beautiful, and the characters stand out in the book like living personages. We cannot call it a sensation novel, although it is as full of incidents as any of the works of Miss Braddon or Mrs. Wood—quite as interesting, but far more natural. Altogether it is one of the most readable and interesting novels that has been presented to the public for years. The authoress of "Ora" has made her mark; let her follow it up, and we will hear of her as one of the most popular novel writers of our country.

From the Quincy (Ill.) Herald.

ORA, OR THE LOST WIFE.—This novel comes highly spoken of by various newspaper authorities. The Saturday Evening Post announces it a book of "more than the average degree of ability." It looks forward to the future career of the authoress, as "one of much brightness, and honor well deserved." The Cincinnati Commercial says its "characters are admirably drawn, the plot well conceived, chaining the reader to the narrative with breathless interest to the close. In no part or portion does the story lose its wonderful power, but carries us on to the closing line, when it leaves us wishing for a continuation." The N. Y. Reformer asserts that the writer "displays an accurate knowledge of the motives, passions, loves and resentments that control human action, rarely witnessed in modern novels of this kind. The book is beautifully and artistically written, &c." Arthur's Home Magazine speaks of the "surpassing powers" of the fair authoress. What higher praise could a young author ask than is contained in the above quotations! It is doubtful if the "Great Unknown" received more unreserved commendation and laudation, when he astonished the English world with "Waverly" and its successors. The best novelists of the day, and certainly no previous time has produced better, are not more highly spoken of than the authoress of "Ora, or the Lost Wife."

The author of this popular story is BELLA Z. SPENCER, who is well known to many of our citizens. A second edition is now being published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., *Philada.* Price $1.50.

ja14-tf

"TO DEALERS IN TOBACCO AND SEGARS."

Those wishing to purchase Tobacco and Segars, Pipes, &c., are requested to send for our Wholesale Price List, as we manufacture Segars and Tobacco. By buying of us you can obtain the best qualities at first prices. M. S. DEAN, Tobacconist,

feb18-3m 413 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

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CHESTNUT ST.,

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HAIR.

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fritzes, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-sowly

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TIGHTNESS OF THE CHEST.—We sneeze, a slight, thin, sharp, lehorous matter comes from our nose; we have heaviness of the head, great oppression of the chest, some tightness, and a little tenderness in the region of the lungs. Now, attention must be given to this state of facts, or inflammation of the lungs, or congestion may take place, and death be with us before we are aware.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS,

Say two, four, or six, according to age, sex and constitution, must be taken. They must purge very freely, drink warm drinks while the fever lasts, and eat diet cat plenty of good Indian meal gruel or chicken broth, with plenty of rice in it. By this treatment, on the second or third day the disease will be cured. This complaint is going the rounds, and will be followed by dysentery and diarrhœa, but they will be cured by the same process. The wise will have Brandreth's Pills where they can be easily laid hold on, and by taking them by the directions, safety and health will follow.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 239 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. mar11-2teow

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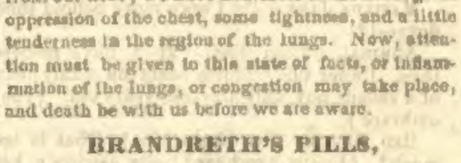

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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will cause them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,

feb27-tf 109 Nassau street, New York City.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Nautical Melodrama.

ACT. I.

[The deck of a pirate ship. Red Rover discovered, sitting on an Armstroug gun, with a brace of pistols in his belt, and a long sword at his side.]

RED ROVER.—What, ho! Jacques! Awast!

JACQUES (entering.)—Ay, ay, your honor.

RED ROVER.—Bring me some oysters stewed in champagne, and a mint julep.

JACQUES (bringing breakfast.)—Here's the dejuner, your honor.

RED ROVER.—Die, villain! Your pronunciation is barbarous. (Shoots Jacques, who dies.)

SAILORS.—A song! a song!

SONG AND CHORUS.

Ever be happy,
Never say die,
Pride of the pirate's home!
Ev-er be happy,
Nev-er say die,
Pre-ide of the pi-rate's ho-o-ome!

LOOK-OUT.—A sail! Two pints on the port bow!

RED ROVER (stabbing another sailor.)—To arms! Splice the mainbrace and unship the jibboom. Ahoy!

[The pirate overtakes the strange sail, boards her, several muskets are fired, the black flag is hoisted.]

RED ROVER (shooting one of his crew.)—The victory is ours. Hooray! The *World* shall yet dread the vengeance of the Pe-i-rate of the Main!

[Curtain falls.]

ACT II.

[The Pirate's Cave at night. Darkness is visible. The Cave is hung with jewels.]

MATILDA JANE (enters, wearing a magnificent moire antique dress and a waterfall.)—Here I am a captive in the hands of ruffianly freebooters. (Sound of firearms without.) They come! I will appeal unto 'em.

RED ROVER (enters, shooting everybody right and left.)—What, ho! my pretty bird!

MATILDA JANE.—Please, sir, I want to go home to my mother.

RED ROVER.—Never! until you become my bride. (Enter servant.) Ha! You have been listening slave! Die! (Stabs servant.)

MATILDA JANE.—Oh, you naughty murderer!

RED ROVER.—I am no murderer, fair lady. See! (Shows paper.) I have a commission from Jeff. Davis.

SERVANT (at door.)—The *fete* awaits your pleasure.

RED ROVER.—Let the *fete* enter. And as for you, sirrah, go join your comrades. (Slays servant.)

[Pirates and pirateeses enter and dance a Virginia reel. Some drink and some are drunk.]

RED ROVER (killing a few of the dancers.)—My brave companions, behold your queen.

[Drags Matilda Jane forward. She shrieks. Music by the band. Cheers, and all kneel.]

[Curtain falls.]

ACT III.

[On board a United States iron-clad. Everybody in uniform, and plenty of large cannon.]

ADMIRAL BLOWEM.—We do approach the piratual vessel.

ALL HANDS.—We do! we do!

[The pirate vessel is seen in the distance. It approaches. The two ships grapple.]

RED ROVER (to Admiral.)—Your hour has come. (Aims a thousand-pound Parrot at Blowem.) Now die!

MATILDA JANE (rushing on deck.)—Not while I can save him! (Throws herself in front of the Parrot.)

[Red Rover fires the cannon. Matilda Jane clings to the cannon-ball, and is thus carried on board the United States ship.]

ADMIRAL BLOWEM.—Safe! Safe! My Jane! my Jane!

RED ROVER.—Ha! I shall not thus be balked of my revenge! Hoist the English flag. I am a neutral. (As he says this he shoots everybody within reach.)

[The crews of the two vessels now engage in deadly combat, with cutlasses—three up and three down.]

MATILDA JANE.—Do I once more behold thee, dovyest?

ADMIRAL.—Thou dost. 'Tis I have rescued thee. Under this uniform beats the manly heart of a sailour boy, only nineteen years old. (They embrace.)

RED ROVER.—She kisses him! That is too much! (Jumps overboard! sits astride a keg of powder and touches it off with his cigar.) Bless you! These are the last words of the Pe-i-rate of the Main. (Explodes.)

[Grand finale. The black flag is hauled down, and the pirates hung to the yard-arm. Cheers and "Yankee Doodle."]

[Curtain falls.]

N. B.—The copyright of this melodrama is secured under every conceivable title, and the editor of the *Play Bill* is prepared to prosecute all actors who do not play it according to law.—*Play Bill.*

CONSOLING.—In a village hard by, where ministers are not so plenty as in larger places, Squire F———, a justice of the peace, a man of good common sense and sterling integrity, remarkable for bluntness rather than blandness of manner, and whose literary attainments extended to the writing of his name, was called on by a colored family to make a few remarks at the funeral of their son, in the absence of the clergyman of the place. The weeping friends were seated about the room, when he arose and said—"Is's pretty bad; but if I was you I wouldn't take on so. It's all for the best. S'pose he'd lived and grown to be a fat, healthy boy—why, he'd never been nothing but a nigger, anyhow."

DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.—The late Chancellor Walworth was an inordinate lover of cold water. Silas Wright, on the contrary, was anything else but a teetotaller. At a dinner at which a great many members of the bar were present, a slightly inebriated individual arose, and offered the following toast:—"Here's to the two greatest men of the state—Reuben Walworth and Silas Wright, who between them drink more brandy and water than any one else in the United States!" This compliment the Chancellor thought a rather doubtful one.

☞ Women can keep a secret, but it generally takes a good many of them to do it.

HUMAN NATURE.

FEROCIOUS MISTRESS.—"Cook, this is the third time you have sent up the joint raw this week, and your master is much displeased! I must really *entreat* of you, in future, to—to—" (*Awful pause.*)

COOK.—"Ah, I see! You've been vexed in the parlor, and so you comes and wents it on me in the kitchen."

A Treaty on Musick.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Musick has charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks and bust a cabbage bed."

I ain't mutch ov a poit myself, but yit when I rite on a sublime subjec, as I oftin du, I allers puts a little sublime poitry atop ov it. This ere by way ov descrimynashun. Now then for the treaty. Is there eny man a livin what dont like musick? Is there eny sich a mean scoundril as thinks the stranes of a fiddle aint pooty? If eny, speak, fur him hev I ofended. Is there eny American or eny other man what ken listen to the stranes of the "Star Spangled Banner" without wantin to inlist? (I am afeard they is lots, fur if they wasn't, when our brass band goes out fur to blow a little they wud step up and inlist like heroes.) Is they eny wot ken here "Hum Sweet Hum" sung without giten homesick? I dout it. Oft has my other haf left me alone to put the baby to sleep a singin Yankee Dudle, and oft in the nite hev I ben put to sleep myself, by bein serenadid by sum ov my best frens, on a hoss fiddle, all ov witch goes to sho the terific power that musick has over human beins. But yit we haint cum to the pint. We will now proseed to give a descripshun of the sublimest kinds of musick. The bed instrewment is the orgin, witch is made ov piany keys fastened to a lot ov tin whistles, and the hull thing is blowed up with a blacksmith's bellers. The man what plays it also puts his feat on sum wooden things (called base, because they are at the bottom ov the masheen,) which make a thunderin roarin. Then there is a lot ov things on each side called stoppers. I spose the reason is that when they are all in, the boy *stops* pumpin the bellers. The next best is sed to be the piany, witch is composed ov a lot ov brass wires strecbed in a mahoginy box. The notes air jist like the orgin, only the musick is made by hitin the keys instead ov blowin the bellers. Sence so many peple have struck ile, most evry body has a piany in their house. So that it is giten to be quite a common soure ov amusement, and music also. But my deer frens, I do not wish to inroach upon your time and pashence, therfour hopin that I hav given you sum interestin infurmashun, and also that I may hav the plesure of adressin you agin, I say fairwell.

P. BOSKIN.

TO "BE" OR NOT TO BE!—A small privateer, with forty or fifty men, having on board some hives full of bees, was pursued by a Turkish galley, manned by five hundred seamen and soldiers. As soon as the latter came alongside, the crew of the privateer mounted the rigging with their hives, and hurled them down on the deck of the galley. The Turks, astonished at this novel mode of warfare, and unable to defend themselves from the stings of the enraged bees, became so terrified that they thought of nothing but how to escape their fury, while the crew of the small vessel, defended by masks and gloves, flew upon their enemies, sword in hand, and captured the vessel, almost without resistance. During the confusion occasioned in a time of war, a mob of peasants assembled in Hohnstein, in Thuringia, attempted to pillage the house of the parish minister, who, having in vain employed all his eloquence to dissuade them from their design, ordered the domestics to bring his bee-hives, and throw them in the middle of the furious mob. The effect was what might be expected—they were immediately put to flight, and happy to escape unstung.

☞ POSITIVISM.—Milk-and-water people, who content themselves with simply doing no harm, at the same time never doing any good, are mere negatives. Your man of force, who does not wait for a stone to get out of his Heaven-appointed way, but manfully rolls it over, may unintentionally hurt somebody's toes in the act; but thousands who will walk that future path will thank him for clearing it. The man who has no enemy is generally a sleek, creeping, cautious, whitewashed creature, walking the world with velvet shoes, who smirks and glides his unchallenged way to the obscurity he merits.

☞ Two girls in Brighton (England) were arrested lately on a charge of stealing cats. They confessed they were hired to do so by a lady at Rottingham, who was making a museum of pussies. She was visited by the police, and fifty me-ows of all ages, both sexes, and every variety were found on her premises.

☞ Many persons confess their depravity, but defend their conduct. They are wrong in general, but right in particular.

Scientific Notes.

The power derived from the combustion of a pound of coal equals that from the decomposition of nine pounds of zinc in a galvanic battery.

Melted snow produces about one-eighth its bulk of water.

A locomotive driving-wheel, six feet in diameter, makes 280 turns in running a mile.

Britannia ware is an alloy of 85½ parts tin, 10½ antimony, 3 zinc, and 1 copper.

An alloy of 3 parts tin, 5 lead and 8 bismuth, melts at less than 212 degrees of heat, which is the temperature of boiling water.

In the manufacture of Whitworth's standard gauges, the workmen measure to the twenty-thousandth part of an inch.

Spring steel is made in New Jersey which bears 142,500 pounds per square inch, and an extension of 1-268th of its length, without permanent change, after the set of the first trial. This extensibility is less, but the strength is much greater than is elsewhere reported for steel of spring temper by reliable authorities.

At the mines of Traversella, in Savoy, magnets revolving on a wheel are used to pick up the iron from the powdered ore, leaving the copper-pyrites behind.

The four armor-coated war ships, named by the London Times, "Rams," are to have iron side-plates four inches thick, which experiment has proved capable of resisting shot. The vessels are to be 20 feet longer and 15 broader than the Persia, and are intended to steam 14 knots an hour.

The manufacturers of Troy have, by mixing different irons, produced one that will resist a tensile strain of 100,000 pounds per square inch of section. 60,000 pounds is considered about the average of good iron.

THE colors of the sky at particular times afford wonderfully good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset presage fair weather and a ruddy sunshine bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright, yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds are full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind or rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. Simple as these maxims are, the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of sea-faring men.

☞ If there is urbanity in cities, may we not look for suburbanity in suburbs?

AGRICULTURAL.

Sheep Eating Tobacco.

In the winter of 1864, says the Rural New Yorker, we stated the seemingly wonderful and anomalous fact that several flocks of Merino sheep had been found to be fond of eating the small or damaged dry leaves left on tobacco stalks, and of peeling off and eating the dry bark or external skin, from those stalks. We do actually and seriously find that the cases we gave are the rule and not the exception—that it is a serious fact *all* Merino flocks (so far as we have heard of its being tried) will thus *eat* tobacco thrown out to them in winter. They commence nibbling it at once, and soon consume it habitually and quite freely. We have received this statement from numerous reliable tobacco growers. Perhaps other breeds of sheep would feed upon it as freely, but our informants have all been Merino flockmasters. Not the least injury appears to accrue to sheep from actually *eating* this powerful vegetable narcotic, which contains a principle (*Nicota* or *Nicotin*) so deadly, that a drop of it in a state of concentrated solution will kill a dog. Few *human* tobacco chewers can swallow much of it with impunity. We knew a case last winter where it was regularly fed to breeding ewes, (by Chester Baker, Lafayette, N. Y.,) and it produced no injury to the lambs. They came strong, and were healthy. This corresponds with the experience of all the feeders of it whom we have conversed with. Most of these gentlemen regard it as nutritious food for sheep, so far as they eat it, and some fancy their sheep are healthier for having it! We confess that, to us, this is one of the most paradoxical facts in natural history. Well, we hope our Merinoes won't take to *smoking* next, for if they do, they will set all the barns a fire. They are already accused, by their enemies, of setting a good many men's *brains* afire!

What Makes a Bushel.

The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel, may be of interest to our readers:—

Wheat, sixty pounds.
Corn shelled, fifty-six pounds.
Corn, the cob, seventy pounds.
Rye, fifty-six pounds.
Oats, thirty-six pounds.
Barley, forty-six pounds.
Buckwheat, fifty-six pounds.
Irish potatoes, sixty pounds.
Sweet potatoes, fifty pounds.
Onions, fifty-seven pounds.
Beans, sixty pounds.
Bran, twenty pounds.
Clover seed, sixty pounds.
Timothy seed, forty-five pounds.
Hemp seed, forty-five pounds.
Blue-grass seed, fourteen pounds.
Dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.

Poison Ivy.

James Baily, Sunbury, Delaware county, Ohio, writes to the New York Farmer's Club:—There are two kinds of Ivy. No one was ever poisoned by the five-leaved vine; it is only the three-leaved vine that poisons, and but few persons are affected by that or sumach. The five-leaved variety is a perfect antidote for the poison of the three leaved variety. After suffering indescribably from the poison, I took a few leaves, chewed them, and rubbed some blisters on the back of my hand with the juice; it stopped the itching at once and in less than twenty-four hours the blisters had dried up and become flat. I have not had a blister on me since that time from poison, although I have been frequently exposed to both ivy and sumach, and I have seen others use it with the same good effect. The leaves of the five-leaved ivy, when first chewed, have a pleasant, sour taste, but if chewed too long they have a pungent taste like wild-turnip.

BEST MODE OF PILING FIREWOOD.—"D. Currie," of Hull, writes: "As this is the season for laying up a supply of fuel for next year, it may benefit some of your readers to know that firewood for next year's use is much better when piled with the bark side uppermost, for wood piled with the bark side down is not so dry as when the bark is uppermost, besides when you come to handle it again the bark is liable to fall off, and go to loss, owing to the wet in summer getting between the bark and the wood."

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

BED-BUGS.—If any of your readers need a sure remedy for bed-bugs, they can have mine, and cleanse the house of this troublesome vermin, with very little expense. They have only to wash with salt and water, filling the cracks where they frequent with salt, and you may look in vain for them. Salt seems inimical to bed-bugs, and they will not trail through it. I think it preferable to *all* "ointments," and the buyer requires no certificate as to its genuineness.—*Mrs. L. C. C., Penn. Yankee.*

BOILING CLOCKS.—A correspondent of the Scientific American says that common brass clocks may be cleaned by immersing the works in boiling water. Rough as this treatment may appear, says the correspondent, it works well; and I have for many years past boiled my clocks whenever they stop from accumulation of dust or a thickening of oil upon the pivots. They should be boiled in pure or rain-water, and dried on a warm stove, or near the fire.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE STRIPPING COWS' BUTTER COME QUICKLY.—There is an art in managing it in the right way. Take a piece of calf's rennet, about an inch square or a little more, according to the thickness of it, and put in one tablespoonful of water and let it soak over night or a few hours before using it, to one gallon of cream. When you put the cream into a churn, as usual, pour two-thirds of the rennet-water in, and then close the lid as quickly as possible, and churn right away, not letting it stand any time, and you will have good butter in twenty or thirty minutes. If you have more or less cream, divide accordingly; and if you put too much of the rennet in, then it will curdle and the butter will never separate from the curd.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A DELICIOUS SOUP.—Peel and slice six large onions, six potatoes, six carrots, and four turnips; fry them in half a pound of butter, and pour on them four quarts of boiling water. Toast a crust of bread as brown and hard as possible, but do not burn it, and put in, with some celery, sweet herbs, white pepper, and salt. Stew it all gently. Have ready thinly sliced carrot, celery, and a little turnip. Add them to your liking, and stew them tender in the soup. If approved of, a spoonful of tomato catsup may be added.

DIPTHERIA.—Do not forget that in this and other sore throat diseases, the slow eating of pure ice, broken up into small pieces, and for hours at a time, is among the very best remedies. It should be begun at once, as soon as the soreness appears, and a bad attack may thus be prevented.

THE HISTORY IN WORDS.—What a record of inventions is preserved in the names which so many articles bear, of the place from which it first came, or the person by whom they were first invented. The "magnet" has its name from Magnesia; the "Baldachin" from Baldacco, the Italian name of Bagdad; it being from that city that the costly silk which composed this canopy originally came. The "bayonet" tells us that it was first made at Bayonne—"worsted" that it was first spun at village of the same name (in the neighborhood of Norwich)—"sarsnet" that it is a Saracen manufacture—"cambrics" that they reached us from Cambray—"damask" from Damascus (the "damson" also is the damascene," or Damascus plum)—"arras" from—Arras—"dimity" from Damietta—"cordwain" or "cordovan" from Cordova—"currants" from Corinth—"Indigo" from India—"agates" from a Sicilian river, Achates—"jalap" from Xalapa, a town in Mexico—"parchment" from Pergamum—the "bezants," so often mentioned in our literature, from Byzantium, being a Byzantine coin—the "guinea," that it was originally coined (in 1663) of gold brought from the African coast so called—"camlet," that it was woven, at least in part, of camel's hair.

☞ BE CIVIL.—When the rich Quaker was asked the secret of his success in life, he answered—"Civility, friend, civility."

☞ Sidney Smith wrote to a friend, "I have seven or eight complaints, but in all other respects I am perfectly well."

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 6, 10, 7, 17, 22, 20, 15, is a river in Massachusetts.
My 3, 5, 4, 22, 20, 7, is a city in Maryland.
My 6, 8, 20, 11, is a city in New York.
My 20, 21, 10, 18, 12, is a river in Missouri.
My 8, 20, 20, 1, is a river in Minnesota.
My 18, 3, 18, 8, 20, is a river in South America.
My 9, 17, 16, 14, 21, 6, 12, 8, is a river in Europe.
My 4, 10, 14, 18, 5, 8, is a strait in Asia.
My 18, 5, 17, 1, 3, 21, is a city in France.
My 6, 2, 7, 14, 9, 12, 8, is a bay in Michigan.
My 8, 12, 5, 9, 16, 15, is a city in Pennsylvania.
My 2, 7, 9, 4, 20, 17, is a city in New York.
My 19, 12, 3, 4, 16, 5, is a country of Asia.
My 18, 16, 14, 15, 15, 5, is a city of Europe.
My whole every one ought to know.

La Grange, N. Y. T. E. R.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of four letters.
Omit my first, and I am a bird.
Transpose, and I am mean.
Lop off my fourth, and I am a very useful animal.
Omit my first and fourth, and transpose, and I portray calamity.
My whole belongs to the cloister, and is always used among a certain order of religionists.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in town, county, and state;
My second in you will appear;
My third is an insect that lights on your *pate*,
And creates a sensation of fear.

My whole had existence in most ancient days—
Was by a philosopher kept,
Who lugged it about 'neath the sun's burning rays,
And often at night in it slept.

Waverly, Ohio. JUNIUS.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an adjective.
My second is a ruler.
My whole is the abhorrence of the thoughtless.

Keokuk, Iowa. YATES.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a nickname.
My second is a grain.
My third all strive for.
My whole is a happy issue to lovers.

Keokuk, Iowa. YATES.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is the name of a month.
My second is a shelf.
My third is a division of time.
My whole is a girl's name.

Cincinnati, Ohio. S. HORACE G.

Trigonometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I own a three-cornered tract of land, and the house where I live is so situated, that it is at equal distances from all and each of its three corners. One of its sides, extending from an ash to a birch, is 140 perches in length. The other two sides are in proportion to each other as 6½ is to 7½. In the included corner is an oak. The distance from each of the corners to the owner's house is in proportion to a perpendicular from the oak to the line between the ash and the birch, (meeting this line at right angles,) as 32½ is to 48. From these given proportions and the given base side, the area of this triangular tract is requested. HILDEBERT KOBEL.

☞ An answer is requested.

Astronomical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On the 21st day of February, 1863, while crossing a river on the ice, I heard the clock of a neighboring town strike 10, and upon looking at my watch I found it wanted 15 minutes of 10, (my watch being set to Philadelphia time.) I also observed that the shadow of a fort on the opposite side of the river reached the place where I stood, the shadow of my cane being twice its own length. But an hour and a half afterwards, on my return, I observed the said shadow of the fort had moved just 200 yards. Where was I, and also how high was the fort above the surface of the river? Given declination of the sun, 9 deg. 15 min. 49 9-10 seconds. Equation of time positive, 13 min. 26 3-10 sec.

MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a beggar like a lawyer? Ans.—He pleads for his daily bread.

☞ How does Jack Frost woo the rosebud? Ans.—Wilt thou.

☞ Why is a cunning man like a shoemaker? Ans.—He'll pump you.

☞ Why is a dull book like eternity? Ans.—You read it to no end.

☞ Why is a handsome woman like bread? Ans.—She is often toasted.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Patience and Perseverance. DOUBLE REBUS—Jackson, Madison, (Jeroboam, Anna, Cod, Kallal, Swiss, Ohio, Noon. RIDDLE—Beolah. CHARADE—Meat. CHARADE—Grant, (rant, ant, tan, Nat, at.)

Answer to Gill Bates' PROBLEM, Jan. 21st:—John bought 32, and his wife, Huldah, 31; William bought 12, and his wife, Susan, 9; Henry bought 8, and his wife, Mary, 1.—R. M. Lovell, Cedar Co., Iowa; Morgan Stevens, and the author.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, same date:—4.6228 sec.—Gill Bates and M. Stevens.

Answer to PROBLEM by S. G. Cagroin, same date:—2639875 feet.—Morgan Stevens. 127.-324062 miles.—Author.